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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Papistry Storm'd; or, the Dingin' Down o' the Cathedral. Ane Poem, in Sax Sango.
M. W. T. Imprintit at Edinburgh, be Oliver and Boyd. 12mo. pp. 224. 1827.

MR. TENNANT was a favourite with us of yore. His *Anster Fair* displayed much of true poetical imagination and humour, and entitled him to a distinguished rank among the native bards of Scotia. His later productions have not been so much to our taste, nor, as we think, so well suited to the peculiar bent of his talents; but still they have not superseded, though we can hardly say they have sustained, his former reputation. The publication now before us, abating the sad drawback of the language in which it is couched, cannot fail to raise its author in the opinion of all who can and will read it, which we regret to anticipate must probably be limited in number. It boasts of much originality, and is rich in poetry, striking thoughts, and curious, sometimes beautiful, images;—it is also replete with humorous views drawn in a humorous manner:—and possesses, indeed, many merits;—but we must say they are all nearly counteracted by the absurd choice of an obsolete and unintelligible style, in imitation of Sir David Lindsay and other ancient Scottish writers. Mr. Tennant should be called upon to translate his book. It is in vain that he argues in favour of the old doric of his native land: as well might the poets whom he has made his model, have composed their strophes in the language of the tenth century; and if it be desirable (which we agree it is) to recall the terms in which our forefathers spoke and jested* to the ears and recollections of their descendants, surely that might be better done by reprinting their own works or selections from them, than by any modern attempt to copy them. In short, we consider Mr. Tennant to have committed a great error in this respect; an error which we regret the more, as we are able to see through its cloudy darkness that there is a galaxy of many shining and sparkling lights obscured.

There is a brief Glossary, but so meager that there might as well have been none; and, if we are not mistaken, there are several hundred phrases coined in this volume for the first time—such as never existed in the Scottish or any other tongue. This is a sort of license with Scots poetry. Burns did not hesitate to coin a familiarly sounding word if the rhyme required it;

* Mr. Tennant thus excuses his choice:—"It is a daring thing, now-days, to write a long poem in Scottish. Yet that language, the richest perhaps, and most flexible for humorous purposes, of any dialect of modern Europe,—that in which our accomplished and facetious Stewarts once delighted to sport their wit, and to pen their lively lays,—which was once honourably sounded from our pulpit, at our tribunals, and in the halls of our nobility,—deserves to be recalled now and then, if possible, to the ears and recollections of this our anglicised and prim generation, that they may know in what terms their forefathers spoke, and jested, and laughed."

[The terms in which our progenitors laughed must have been odd enough, by the by.—The author has not given us a sample of them.]

and Mr. Tennant has gone much further in furnishing new materials for the next edition of Jamieson's excellent Dictionary.

Having offered these few remarks, we shall now, however, as largely as the nature of the composition admits, illustrate the contents of this poem by a few extracts. The subject is the battering down and demolition of the Cathedral of St. Andrews by the Reformers, about the time of John Knox: and the opening of the "sang" is a perfectly fair example of the whole.

"I sing the steir, strabush, and strife,
Whan, tlickerin' frae the town o' Fife,
Great bays o' bodies, thick and rife,
Gaed to Sanct Androis town.
And, wi' John Calvin' their heads,
And hammers' their hands and spades,
Enrag'd at idols, mass, and beads,
Dang the Cathedral down:
I wat the bruisie then was dour,
Wi' sticks, and stones, and blaisie dour,
Ere Papists unto Calvin's power
Gait up their strangest places;
And fear'd the stramash and stour,
Whan pinnacle cam down and tow'r,
And Virgin Marias in a shower
Fell flat and smash't their faces;
The copper roofs, that dazzl'd heaven,
Were frae their rafters rent and riven;
The marble altars dash't and driven;
The coals wi' velvet laces,
The siller ewers and candlesticks,
The purple stole and gowden pyx,
And tunneys and dalmatryks,
Cam tumblin' frae their seats:
The Devil wad bumbar'd in aie
The bonny coo byke, whair he
Had cuddil'd monie a cotteris,
Rippit up wi' aie dargies!"

To vary his theme, the author introduces mythological personages and allegory: the following is a good specimen, fine for its natural descriptions, and of varied poetical fancy:—

"Now had the Sun's meridian chair
Been heid'd up heicher i' the air,
The fiery Bull, that, even and morn,
Keeps ever buttin' at Orion,
Had tos't Apollo up in scorn
Aff frae his star-betippit horn,
And up the zodiack sent him flyin';
The Twins, where up they stand on heicht,
Stretch'd out their arms, aye glitterand bricht,
And caught him mid a show'r o' beams,
That halfins blindet wi' their sheen,
As down they fell intill his een,
The gentle Castor wi' their gleams;
And merry May, frae whare she lay
In Alysania's gardens sleepin',
Wak'd by the Hours frae bonnie bowers,
Up Titan's peth comes lamplin', leapin';
And ever as she gaes a-trippin',
Her fingers in her basket dippin',
Pick witch-bells out, dear daffodillies,
Kingscups and spinks, and livelle lillies,
And sparkle them in frisky mirth,
Ow'r the great waist o' mither Yerth.
Auld mither Yerth, now sick o' frost,
Unwrinkles a' her cauldride face,
And shines abraid thro' ilka coast,
And breidrs and beautifies apace.
Mid sic joyousitie, I wot,
Th' east neck o' Fife was nae forgot;
The aits and barley there were springin',
The lavricks i' the lift were singin',
The leas wi' ploughmen's lills were ringin';
Auld grandathers at their doors sat belkin',
While youngsters, by the sea-side streikin',
Gaed paddlin' in without a break on;
E'en senseless kye did rowt wi' glee;
The siller fishes i' the sea
Lap frae their element in play
To kiss the gowden gleam o' day."

We need not comment on the clustering graces of this sweet picture: in our eyes it is

eminently distinct and beautiful. "The main's the pity" that a man who can write so well should disguise himself in language such as follows. The Protestant hero of the song, inspired by a drunken debauch, is thus described:

"I wot, th' astonay'd no'try then
Felt wodeness berrin' in his brain;
Upward he boltit frae his chair,
As if his hand begrosp'd already
An iron-geddok, sword, or spear,
To damnie the scarlet lady;
The table stotter'd on the floor
Wi' straits that frae his self descendit f
Stoups, bottles, glasses, tumblin' o'er,
Were smash'd and wi' their claret blendit;
Ho, hearts! up, and ane and a! and at her!
Have at a fowcome kirk, and batter
Her lusty' bones untill they clatter!
Smite! Etlle at the life!
On, on, and cry na, Barlaamum!
Till down among the dirt she tummlie,
And bary beggin' freis and bummel;
That wi' the ruin and the rumble
The Deil be frichtit out o' Fife!"

This is poor doggeral ware indeed: but we will not waste our room upon its kind, of which there is too much. Let us rather in one long extract, exhibit Mr. Tennant's powers in their higher forms. The *Visions of a knight*, called facetiously, "Fisher-Willie," from being proprietor of extensive fisheries, are in the genuine vein of true poetry. These visions are sent to rouse him in the cause of the Reformation.

"Lo! on a night-cloud in mid-air,
The goddess o' men-blessin' leas
Against sic knicht was plottin' sair;
And monie a slee and paulk scheme
Her head did generate and fremie;
At last she chose the stratagem
O' wauk rin' Willie wi' a dreame.
Aff to the house o' dreames she gangs,
Whare round the w's they stick in bangs,
Like lempits stickin' upon rocks,
Or free about on skinklin' wing,
Like butterflies in days o' spring,
Around the flow'r or cabbage-stocks
She wale'd out aine, a pretty fairy,
Belitt wi' sibbons glairy-flairy,
And monie a tassel and fleegerie,
Whase colours aye did auld and vary;
Her body, as it mov'd, did ever
Like to an opal gleam and quiver;
(Sister to that sweet dreame that went
To Agamemnon in his tent.)
She tauld the friskie fairy thing
Whairtill to flee on rapid wing;
The thing at her command gaed screevin'
Wi' sic a breezil down the beivin,
It beat the thunder-boltit leven:
Ye scarce could say your een could see
Its motion spinnerin' fram on hie;
Ae moment its celestial stance
Was up near whair the Pleiads dance;
The tother, it had downwaits fled,
And hover't its slim airy head
O'er Fisher-Willie's carvit bed.
By this time, Anster's sleep-pell
Had w' her hammer chappit twell,
And the knicht-fisher, ere the chap,
Engarlandet wi' bien nichtcap,
In bed lay sleepin' like a tap;
Sith he was aye an sober wicht,
And gaed to bed guid time o' nicht,
As douse folks do that walk upright,
Heigh ow'r the bolster, near his head,
The feeble vision took its stede,
And throu' his naistrills-valves began
To werk upon the slummerin' man.
Ere this his brain was clear o' dreams,
But now wi' gowden lights it gleams,
As streamers aft throu' clearest sky
In merry-dance flash out and fly.
He dream'd that he gat wings whairl'
He flew, as wi' an angel's glee,
Ow'r Fife frae Stirling to the sea;
And aye he look't down in his flight

To spy her bonnie landscapes bright
Glittering wif' gowns and wif' light;
As in a sunny summer day,
Th' horizon's air aff seems to play,
And flit in waves and flash away,
Sae bleme'd, unto that dreamer's sight,
Fife's grassy hills and valleys leich
Wif' gowden undulating' leich;
Ilk laird's domain was clearly seen
Defin'd wif' streamp o' silver sheen,
That intervall'd the manors green;
A' things were goodlie, glorious, grand,
Exceptin' that in ilk laird's land
A great tar-barrel seem'd to stand,
And in that ugly tun stood, lair'd
Up to the chin and clotted' board,
Greetin' and gumpie-faced, a laird
Sir Knight did hing awhile on wing,
Marvellin' the meanin' o' that thing;
Whan, lo! out frae his castill came,
Wif' his braid hat as red as flame,
And a' his cardinal's attire,
He that in his ungodlie ire,
Damn'd godlie Whairat to the fire.
A great wax-taper, redly lowin',
That frae the altar he had stowin',
He carry'd in his murderous hand,
And us'd it as a kendin' brand,
As he gaed martyrin' thro' the land:
To lik tar-tun he put the fowle,
At ance it flew up in a glowe;
East, wast, he in a moment flew;
That mairmen's space did well wumes
To set the ball land in a bleis;
Three hundred pillars lang and high
O' smelk gaed curlin' to the sky,
Ah! than he saw the wretchit men
Wreelin' and wreethin' wif' the yain,
As the flame sie them to the heim;
And doon biddyon yell and shrieks
A' the world soundit wif' their shrieks;
Tears rapit down the dreamer's cheeks.
Than on himsel his thochts reclin'd;
He, too, might ha' his share o' deid;
He glancit down on bonnie Dreel
He saw his ain heart's burnin' weil,
And bleidin' a tremendous blew,
He saw himsel amid the blew,
As round and round his head it plays!
He waken't at the frichtom gaze;
His limbs were quakin' 'neath the claes;
Albeit he was stert out and awag,
The could crewt frae his marrow sprang.
Ten times he turn't frae side to back,
Ere he anither souf could tak;
Its stance meanwhile the Dream did keep,
Rendly, whan ayes he fell asleep,
Down on his havers again to sleep,
He slepit—he dreamt aince again;
He dreamt that, on ocean's plain,
He, in his paintit pleasure-boat,
Did sail for pastime and for play,
Far, far ayont the ile o' May,
The lift was clear throughout and bricht
Wif' rivers o' sun-shiney light;
The sea in clearness seem't to vie
Wif' the round looking-glass o' sky.
He saw the rocks and tangly meads
Whair the big meer-wine mak their beds,
A thousand fathom deep and mair,
As clear as gin he walkt there;
Great skulls o' haddock, cod, and ling,
Like siller arrows frae the wing,
Gaed scuddin' thro' the mighty deep—
He heard them whizzin' in his sleep.
His nets he cast, and, lo! wif' fish
His nets were gluttit in his wish;
He drew them up wif' toyle and fecht,
His yawl near swampit wif' the wecht;
But sic a draft o' fishes seen
He never saw yet wif' his een;
Siller lay shimmerin' on their skins;
Gowd was affrontit by their fins;
As glow'd he on his fishy heaps,
Lo! lo! cam sailin' ower the deeps
(Three frae the east, three down the Forth,
Twa frae the south, twa frae the north.)
Ten bonnie biskies, skinnin' licht,
Garish wif' gowden foolie bricht;
And in ilk boat's fore-ene cockit
A lang bra' bishop in his rocket;
A mitre prank'd his pow—the hand
Dangl'd about a cresier wand;
Sic gallant bishops wif' sic mitres
Rome ne'er admir'd in her Sanct Peter's.
But Fisher-Wille, whan he saw
Thir burle bishops big and bra',
Thrang swallowin' wif' their greedy een
His drave o' haddocks clear and clean,
He waxed wot wif' vera teen.
But mair pernickill'd was his case,
Whan, chasin' fast the tane the tither,
They cam a' round him in a futher,
And sie'd his boat from stem to ruther,
Yelpin' and youtin' in his face.
My friends! gif me my teinds, Sir Knight!
I canna wait my teinds till nicht!
And in a gifftin' ilka bishop
Ramm'd in his hand and cleik'd his fish up;

And aye they glamp, and aye they glaum'd,
And aye the tither teind they palm'd,
Till feint a haddock, ling, or potley,
Remain'd o' a' that f' the boat lay;
Whairat the mauchty Knight took fire;
His bluid birr'd thro' his bulc wif' ire.

Than frae his bed he spang'd and shot;
(Perd! he thought he was in's boat
Sailin' for pastime and for play
Sax miles ayont the ile o' May.)
The bed-clas to the roof he dang;
Sheer to his feet he yuwart sprang
To whair his guidly sword did hang
Aboon his head for need;
He haul'd it wraithly frae its pin;
He gript, he swang it round wif' din;
He smasht and smote thae men o' sin
For their gear-graspin' greed!
He drave it on the pair cod-wares;
He gullgaw'd the posts wif' scars;
The coverlets dree'd ne'er sic wars;
The fecht was loud and lang;
He slasht awa for near an hour;
The sweat frae lith and limb did pour;
The Knight ne'er blindit nor gawt owt,
Until wif' gasty gash and clour
Thir bishops dead he dang;
The like before was never kent,
That akeless sheets should sae be shent,
And cods should dree what fraith was meant
For menless men, whase wares were bent
On covette and wrang'!

We could match this quotation with many others equally commending poetical passages and pleasing touches with the invention of droll circumstances, and humour; but we trust we have done enough to shew that Mr. Tennant's work has only one great fault, that of the obsolete style in which he has conveyed his conceptions to the few who will take the trouble of separating the gems from their matrices, and in which he has unadvisedly hidden them from the general English public.

The Lettre de Cachet; a Tale. The Reign of Terror; a Tale. 12mo. pp. 406. London, 1827. J. Andrews.

It has often been matter of surprise to us, that, fertile in every incident which constitutes romance—terrible and extraordinary as were the events of the French revolution,—yet hitherto the novelist and the poet have turned its variety of material to little use. We do not deny that it has been made the groundwork of a thousand and one fictitious narratives; but out of these we could scarcely name two of note. Perhaps the appalling reality has been so fresh upon men's memories, that no imagination could surpass it. In proportion as time, however, mellow down the colours, and softens the fearful picture, will the mass of wild adventure, of the human passions called forth in their darkest and the human affections in their loveliest hues, furnish the bases and matter for fictions of the most diversified and intense interest. The tales to which we would now direct our readers' attention illustrate two very different periods—one the factitious and schooled refinement of Louis XIV.; the other the stormy outburst of the revolution: both are very interesting; but there is a peculiar grace about the first which renders it our favourite. Too long to compress in the way of analysis (for Tales are great stumbling-blocks to reviewers in this respect), we must content ourselves with such chance extracts as may suit our columns. The following is most characteristic of the period it describes:—

"The king had recently returned victorious from the conquest of Flanders, which he had attempted in right of her majesty; and it was judged that, on an occasion so flattering to her pride, the whole court should attend to offer

"As illustrative of the latter dream, it may be mentioned, that Mr. D. Stratton, a Fife laird, was burnt by the Bishop of St. Andrews for refusing him the teinds of the fish caught in his pleasure-boat.—See *Annor*."

their congratulations. Louis had even exacted that Madame de Vallière, who for some time had desisted from her attendance, should appear on this occasion. I had never as yet beheld that celebrated beauty; and as she was not so utterly lost in the interest of her royal lover as she afterwards became, I prepared myself to behold in her the admired of all observers, the only woman whom, according to the declaration of his confidant, the Duc de Lauzun, Louis had really loved. I was standing behind the circle of her majesty, which was composed of Madame de Montespan, the Duchess de Richelieu, and all the most illustrious women of the court, when a very lovely and graceful woman, pale and pensive in countenance, and, from some natural defect, rather faltering in her gait, slowly approached her majesty, by whom she was received with stern and repulsive coldness. A malignant whisper immediately circulated through the group of which I formed a part: the ladies surrounding the queen preserved the most reserved silence; while the lovely stranger stood near them for several minutes, irresolute and sorrowful—her naturally fair complexion becoming paler and paler. At length the painful vicinity to those who evidently scorned to address her became too embarrassing; and directing her tottering steps to the further end of the chamber, she stood leaning in solitary agitation against the tapestry. 'Who is yonder interesting creature?' I inquired of my father, in a whisper. 'Silence, for God's sake!' he answered, in the same tone; 'it is Madame de la Vallière.' 'Can it be possible,' I replied, 'that one so recently courted and admired should have fallen into this state of unmerited desertion?' My father again interrupted me, trembling with alarm lest my indiscreet burst of sympathy should be overheard; but fortunately, the only auditor, the Duc de Longueville, was too warmly interested in the object of my enthusiasm to be dangerous. 'You have not, I believe,' said the duke, turning towards me, 'the happiness of being acquainted with Madame la Duchesse de la Vallière: have you courage—have you generosity enough to be presented to her at this trying moment?' I expressed myself grateful for his offer; and, in spite of the detaining hand laid by my father on my sleeve, I followed the Duc de Longueville with a firm step across the presence-chamber; and I was more than repaid for the scornful smile of the ladies of the circle, and the significant glances of the courtiers, when I perceived tears standing in those inexpressibly soft blue eyes, which were lifted from the ground on our approach. Few were the words that passed among us. The duchess, who was only waiting the arrival of the king to retire to the relief of solitary tears, was silent from emotion; Longueville, who had long been passionately attached to her, and the offer of whose hand she had lately again rejected, was equally so from sympathy. But on a sudden, the folding-doors were thrown open; the king, brilliant as natural grace and recent triumph could render him, entered; and having paid his respects to her majesty, and a passing tribute to the lovely group by which she was surrounded, cast his eyes round the apartment, and, with the instinctive tact of one accustomed to a life of observation, instantly became aware of all that was passing—the triumph of gratified malice, and the isolation of the suffering woman who was there but in patient obedience to his commands. He instantly broke from the brilliant Athenais, who was exerting all the piquant originality of her wit for his diversion, and approaching the duchess,

with an air of equal interest and deference, he placed himself by her side for the remainder of the evening, naming for his *hocca table* Madame de la Vallière, Longueville, and myself. How beautiful a glow soon overspread her dejected countenance! not from the empty triumph of gratified vanity; but from the awakened hopes of a perfect affection: it was Louis, not the king, whom she loved; and it was by him that she had been tenderly rescued from the persecution of the assembled court. This trifling incident led to some of the most important incidents of my life. Among the personal enemies of Madame de Montespan, although of too distinguished a rank to have become so through dread of her influence, was Madame, the sister-in-law of the king, and better known as the Princess Henrietta of England, and daughter of the martyred king of that country. This beautiful and highly gifted princess was generally supposed to have made the first conquest of the king's affections. It was certain that he had offered her all the public homage of the most devoted lover: and although their respective situations prevented all possibility of a nearer intercourse, the flatterers of Madame had unfortunately persuaded her that the sentiments of admiration entertained by his majesty would preserve him from the dominion of any other attachment. Circumstances soon led to a different conclusion: he became enamoured of the diffident and obscure Mademoiselle de la Vallière, one of her maids of honour; and with the hasty indiscretion of her sex, she revenged herself, not on those by whose seduction she had been misled, not on him by whose desertion she had been irritated, but on the unforgiving object of his new attachment. To princes the task of insult is dangerously easy. Coldness—an averted eye—an inattentive ear—a thousand trifles 'light as air,' become in their hands so many enveloped weapons; and all these, and even overt acts of persecution, did she lavish upon the timid girl whose place in her household rendered her a ready prey to her hatred. It is universally believed that the line of conduct pursued by Madame and her ill-advisers on this occasion stimulated the king to bestow the title of *duchess* on their victim; which, by giving her a distinct rank at court, at once elevated her above their reach. But Madame united to all this violence and indiscretion the frankness and generosity of her national character. She had been actuated by the jealousy of a spoiled beauty, who had found herself suddenly deprived of the absolute sovereignty over the first sovereign in Europe; and when she saw her rival in turn abandoned and humiliated, she was warm in her defence and support. Though she had scorned in Madame de la Vallière the declared and triumphant mistress of the king, she flew, like a ministering angel, to the Hôtel de Biron in that hour of desertion.

When interest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all the obliged desert, and all the vain;

and was equally prompt to sustain and soothe its unhappy mistress, and to oppose the advancement and insolence of the new favourite."

The next scene is one of those which gives, in its spirited sketch, fair promise for the rest of the tale.

"After some time spent in musing among the flowery *travillages* and fragrant *bosquets* of the gardens, Mérançères approached to re-enter the house. By the glaring light of the illumination within, he could perfectly discern the interior of the lower range of apartments, without being himself distinguished by those who were the objects of his observation; and

in returning towards the great entrance, he was induced to pause near the shaded windows of a splendid boudoir.

All that could sense or eye delight
Seemed gathered in that gorgeous room;

but it was not the eastern elegance of its hangings which arrested the steps of the count. He stood to contemplate the graceful proportions of a female form, upon which the eyes of all present were admirably fixed. She was seated on an ottoman, by the side of the dignified Madame de Mirepoix; and the Comtesse Amélie de Boufflers, fair as the lily's whiteness, was indolently reclining by her side. The chevalier was leaning over the rival beauties, and exerting all his conversational powers for their entertainment; while a group of fashionable admirers near them seconded the efforts of his wit and gallantry. As the idol of the circle, who was habited in a sumptuous oriental costume, turned her head to enjoy the freshness of the open window, she discovered to the astonished gaze of Monsieur de Mérançères, a beautiful and radiant resemblance of the features of his beloved Estelle! But could it be her indeed?—Could the girlish fragility, the almost infantine delicacy of the young countess's person have expanded into this glow of luxurious loveliness? Could she have acquired, in her sober retirement, this superhuman intelligence of brow,—this graceful dignity of demeanour? He was determined to resolve his doubts; and entering the boudoir, he whispered a request to the Duc de Lauzun that he might be presented to 'the Cynthia of the minute;'—bowing with deep and unaffected gallantry as the duke immediately named him to the lovely stranger, as the Comte de Mérançères. For some minutes, the countess, in pursuing the previous strain of conversation, and unexcited by the sound of a name unknown to her, yielded no special notice to the new arrival; but her attention was soon drawn towards him by a striking illustration of her own opinion, uttered in the low deep tone, which, although long unheard, could not fail to reach her heart. She gazed inquiringly upon his face; and half-rising from her seat, she whispered in breathless emotion, '*Léon—Rochemore! est-ce bien toi que je reconnais?*' The mutual agitation which attended this strange recognition excited no little surprise in the polished circle of which the countess formed a part. '*Rétirons nous, mon ami,*' murmured Lauzun to the Chevalier de Boufflers, '*nous voilà de trop.*' After all, we shall make nothing of our little provincial goddess;—no tact,—no self-possession, none whatever! 'She is hardly *posée* enough at present, certainly,' said Boufflers, casting an inquiring look behind, as he left the boudoir: 'but I own I like her the better for the touch of nature that betrays her into these *naïvetés*; one is so seldom startled by anything like originality in this vile world of refinement.' '*Il me semble que tu es difficile, mon cher chevalier,*' said Lauzun, as arm in arm they entered the saloon; '*en fait d'originaux tu as, ce soir même, à choisir. Voilà le Lovelace du dernier siècle,—l'invalidé de Cythère—Monsieur Walpole, en habit gris de lin, qui cherche à faire valoir les pêches et le raisin de son Château de Strabéri; quoiqu'il soit reconnu, qu'en ne possède pour fruit mur en Angleterre, que des pommes cuites!*' Now what can exceed the exquisite absurdity of this philosophy *malgré lui*; who is only allured to Paris by the cajoling flatteries of one old woman, and who affects to be bent on a pilgrimage to the shrine of another, — *Notre*

dame de Livry, as he has affectedly baptised my grand aunt de Sévigné.' 'But is it true that you have imposed a lock of little Manon's hair upon his blind enthusiasm, as a tress of Madame de Grignan's *belle chevelure*?' 'False—false on my word!—Do you think I would so far dishonour my ancestry? Believe me, I cut the auburn ringlet myself from the pure mane of my Mecklenburg pony. *Mais silence*—here are the stiff-necked wife and learned daughter of our Genevese *maître de finance*. *Positivement ces beaux yeux là méritent une toilette mieux soignée.* Now what can be more amusingly original than her public exhibition of filial devotion—or the air of magnanimity she assumes, when she calls herself the 'daughter of Necker?' Prythee, come and assist me to mystify her by a few rants in honour of her Evander!' So lightly are the idols of posterity held by their contemporaries; and so true it is 'qu'on n'est jamais prophète ni dans son pays, ni dans son siècle!'

We have now only the pleasant task of bestowing very cordial praise. We believe the *Lettre de Cachet* to be a first work, and may safely predict that its author will be among our most popular writers.

Lectures on the Tactics of Cavalry. By Count Von Bismark, Colonel of the 3d Royal Wirtemberg Regiment of Cavalry, &c. &c. Translated from the German, with Notes. By Major N. Ludlow Beamish. 8vo. pp. 402. London, 1827. W. H. Ainsworth.

THE original work is the production of Count Von Bismark, a distinguished officer in the Wirtemberg cavalry, whose many valuable and really spirit-stirring publications on cavalry tactics are well known to military readers; one of these (Instructions for the Field Service of Cavalry) was translated by Major Beamish in 1825, and noticed at the time in the *Literary Gazette*.

It is rather curious that within two or three weeks, two translations should appear of the same work. That, by Major Frederick Johnston (Ridgway, 12mo.) appears to have been carefully executed, and though the translation is rather *Germanic* in point of style, yet it is sufficiently English to be clearly understood.

Major Beamish's work contains not only a better translation of the same text than that given by Major Johnston, but also possesses the additional attraction of notes and plates. In his notes many of the author's assertions are satisfactorily refuted—his dogmatical opinions are vigorously combated—new views on tactics are closely investigated, and facts are invariably brought forward to support the assumed positions.

Amongst the extracts which we may make from the notes, *exempli gratia*, we quote that on the assertion that the *coup d'œil* cannot be acquired.

"It is the general opinion," says the author of the 'Essay on the Art of War,' 'that the *coup d'œil* does not depend upon ourselves, that it is a gift of nature, and that practice will not give it to us; in a word, that we must bring it into the world with us, without which the most piercing eyes see nothing, and we must grope about in utter darkness:—this is a mistake, we have all the *coup d'œil* in proportion to the degree of understanding which it has pleased Providence to give us: it is derived from both, but what is acquired refines and perfects the natural, and experience ensures it to us.'—(Essay on the Art of War,

London, 1761). In the *Nouveau Dictionnaire Militaire*, the true *coup-d'œil* is stated to be, 'sometimes a gift of nature, but also the fruit of study, of application, and of an extreme desire to do well; it is, after all,' says the same author, 'what may be called secret judgment.' Monsieur Guiber observes, 'De là il s'ensuit que les officiers supérieurs ne s'attachent trop s'attacher à former le coup-d'œil des officiers qui sont à leurs ordres, à exercer eux-mêmes le leur, à le fortifier contre les illusions que les différences de terrain produisent,' &c.—(*Essai Général de Tactique*). The Chevalier Polard gives us, 'Le coup-d'œil réduit en principes et en méthode.'—(*Observations sur la Guerre d'Eryx*.) The King of Prussia issued special instructions to his officers of cavalry relative to the *coup-d'œil*. The author of the *Military Mentor* devotes a whole chapter to the acquiring the *coup-d'œil*. The great Grecian commander, Philipomen, who is so conspicuous in history for the extent to which he possessed this quality, was more indebted to his own application, study, and constant observation, than to any peculiar gift of nature: it was his constant practice, when travelling, to examine the nature and extent of every post, pass, and spot, of any importance, which he met with, and imagining the country occupied by an enemy's army, to go through all the dispositions necessary for its defence. Cyrus is said to have pursued hunting in his youth, more for the purpose of acquiring the *coup-d'œil* than for the pleasures of the chase. But nothing can be more conclusive on this point, than the opinion of that able and experienced general, the archduke Charles—in the preface to his *Grundsätze der Strategie*, he thus expresses himself on the subject of the *coup-d'œil*.—'But that penetrating *coup-d'œil* which embraces all things, is possessed by him only who, by profound study, has sought out the nature of war; who has acquired a perfect knowledge of its rules, and who is, as it may be said, identified with its science. The faculty of deciding with confidence, is only to be found in that man whose own experience has proved to him the truth of acknowledged maxims, and who knows how to apply them; in him, finally, who feels in his positive knowledge a conviction of the infallibility of his judgment.'—(*Grundsätze der Strategie erläutert durch die Darstellung des Feldzugs, von 1796, in Deutschland*.) The *coup-d'œil* appears to exist totally independent of perfection of sight. Alexander the Great, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick II., and Napoleon, all possessing the military *coup-d'œil* to the greatest extent, were short-sighted. 'Là' (at Wilna), 'couché sur ces cartes, dont sa vue courte, comme celle d'Alexandre le Grand, et de Frederick II, le forçait de se rapprocher ainsi, Napoléon suivait des yeux l'armée Russe.' (*Histoire de Napoléon et de la Grande Armée pendant l'année 1812, par M. le Général Comte de Segur*. 1.—179.) Zisca, the famous general of the Hussites, 'whose name,' Mosheim tells us, 'became a terror to his enemies,' gained his most celebrated battles of Kamnitz and Ausig, when totally blind; 'ne pouvant,' says Polard, 'plus voir par les yeux du corps, il voit très clair des yeux de l'esprit.' Gilpin, after describing the wound which so nearly proved fatal to him, thus continues:—'He was now totally blind; his friends therefore were surprised to hear him talk after his recovery, of setting out for the army, and did what was in their power to dissuade him from it, but he continued resolute: 'I have yet,' said he, 'my blood to shed, let me be gone.' Zisca had at

this time one of the most powerful armies opposed to him that Sigismund had yet brought into the field. At the battle of Kamnitz, January 13, 1422, he appeared in the centre of his front line, guarded, or rather conducted, by a horseman on each side, armed with a pollaxe, when his officers informed him that the ranks were all well closed, he waved his sabre round his head, which was the signal for battle, and his troops, rushing to the charge, completely defeated the Imperial army. At Ausig, his extraordinary presence of mind and well-directed rebuke, prevented the retreat of his irresolute troops, and changed the fortune of the day. His masterly retreat from Prague soon after, at the head of his little band of four hundred men, who were obliged to cut their way through some thousands of the enemy, is an almost unparalleled instance of judgment and intrepidity. See L'Enfant's *Histoire de la Guerre des Hussites*. *Diarium Belli Hussitici*, by Byzinius. Life of Zisca, in Gilpin's *Lives of Reformers*. Theobald's *Wars of the Hussites*, &c."

A different and rather more amusing example of Major Beamish's notes occurs in page 58, which we also quote, on the subject of employing dragoons on foot; but, generally speaking, the notes appear to be at once both amusing and instructive.

"The original organisation of dragoons, who, as Johnson says, are 'a kind of soldier that serves indifferently either on foot or horseback,' is, notwithstanding its generally acknowledged inutilty, still most unaccountably persevered in: we have our instructions 'how to dismount and form battalion,' which process has been neatly illustrated in a plate by an officer of the life-guards; and the French have most elaborate regulations 'pour les dragons.' In the year 1804, the French lost thirty good regiments of cavalry by making dragons à pied of them. The report made to the Minister of War, by the generals who were charged with the revision of the then existing regulations for the cavalry, states, 'Les dragons étant rendus à leur première institution, et sa majesté desirant qu'ils soient en état en mettant pied à terre, de se former en bataillon, nous avons pensé qu'il falloit rapprocher le plus possible leur ordre de bataille à cheval de celui qu'ils doivent prendre à pied,' &c. The accomplishing of which object was so contrived as to render them unable to act in conjunction with other cavalry. The system pursued in our service, though not quite so absurd as that of the French, is certainly very objectionable. An illiterate John Bull or a classical Kerry boy enlists, let it be supposed, for the dragoons, having been previously inveigled into this loyalty, by the recruiting serjeant telling him that he is always to ride on horseback. He proceeds to drill with both eyes and ears open for instruction, and both indeed are necessary to the comprehension of the varied lectures which he is destined to receive. The riding-master tells him to turn his toes in—the drill corporal tells him to turn them out; the adjutant cautions him to keep six inches from his neighbour; the serjeant major insists upon his touching him; the captain orders him to form squadron—the major to form battalion! So that between cavalry and infantry, squadron and battalion, neither the patience of John, nor the Latin of Pat, can enable them to comprehend such antagonistic instruction. What can be the object of this dove-tailed drill? Surely it would be sufficient to teach dragoons so much of infantry manœuvres as might enable them to mount guard, escort deserters,

and hunt Rockites, without setting them to march round a muddy field with sharp spurs on, at the imminent peril of opening a vein *en route*! The dismounting days of Varro, Henry V., and Cromwell, are gone by. The British infantry has established its independence: and there can now be no necessity for increasing its strength by the addition of such nondescript animals as dismounted dragoons. To make the same man effective in both branches of the service, is impossible. The very circumstances which lead to his excellence in one, will prejudice him in the other; and the consciousness which a dragoon now feels, that the existing cavalry regulations permit the possibility of his being reduced to the level of a foot soldier, must effectually destroy that feeling of identity between the rider and his horse, which should be the object of every cavalry officer to encourage."

The principal improvements in cavalry tactics proposed by Count Von Bismark, are, the substitution of *divisions* for *troops*, the adding a body of skirmishers to each squadron, and the doing away with our various descriptions of cavalry, such as heavy dragoons, light dragoons, lancers, hussars, life-guards, &c., all of whom he reduces to lancers, having a squadron of skirmishers attached to each regiment. These several points are ably taken up by Major Beamish; the advantages, &c. of the changes are shewn, and modifications of them are proposed for adoption in the British service. With regard to the cuirass, Beamish seems to differ from Von Bismark in opinion; and as this is a subject in which all who remember the glorious day of Waterloo must feel interested, we beg to point out to notice the note page 327.

"It is strange, that armour should have been given to the British life-guards immediately after they had proved its inefficiency; after they, unaided by such defences, had torn the laurels of Waterloo from the cuirassiers of France. Armour must be a decided impediment to the efficiency of a dragoon on service. The enormous weight—the constant cleaning required—the pain which its inflexibility must cause under fatigue—are circumstances which alone qualify its advantages in action. These advantages, also, have been much over-rated; and perhaps it will one day be shewn, that the British life-guards are more to be feared when their natural strength, weight, and activity, is allowed full freedom of action, than when such qualities are constrained by the incumbrance of a cuirass. King James I. observed, in praise of armour, that it not only protected the wearer, but also prevented him from injuring any other person; and there can be no doubt, that however invulnerable a cuirass may render a cavalry soldier, his active properties are thereby much reduced. But if our gallant life-guards are destined to be secured in steel, at least let their defences be of more convenient, if not of more elegant construction. At present, when decked with the cuirass, these really fine men all appear hump-backed. Let the modern back-plates be compared with those of ancient times, and it will be observed what care was then taken to preserve the graceful form of the human figure. But it is to the breast-plates that attention should be particularly directed, as those worn by the life-guards are highly defective; their want of saliency renders them of little use in resisting musket-shot, nay, it is even doubtful whether they are proof against bullets fired in an oblique direction: the arm-holes being enlarged for freedom of action, expose that part of the

shoulder where a sabre wound would prove of most serious consequence; the front-plate not lapsing over the back, leaves another space open to the attack of the enemy; and, in fact, there is nothing to prevent a good swordsman from quickly putting a cuirassier *hors de combat*, either by cutting at the upper part of the arm, or giving point between the aperture of the plates, in his side. These several defects could all have been prevented at the period of construction; no difficulty presented itself in increasing the saliency; a movable gusset of steel, similar to that used in the reign of Henry VIII., might easily have been added to the arm-holes, and the uncovered space in the side was easily obviated by making the front-plate lap over according to the ancient method. It is very doubtful whether a cuirass increases the real courage of a soldier; the confidence which its security gives him, would naturally diminish, when in action it happened to get injured, or rendered ineffective; he would feel like a soldier without his weapons, and more readily give way to panic and alarm. The best sort of cuirass, as Marshal Saxe says of intrenchments, is personal courage and discipline."

Major Beamish's work also contains a variety of curious and interesting details connected with both infantry and cavalry; and, odd to say, for a cavalry officer, he enters into their comparative importance in a long and well-authenticated note, the result of which is naturally enough the palm to the former, in the most unequivocal terms.

Some of the derivations given by the gallant officer are extraordinary, and evince the same pertinacious inquiry into truth: among others is that of the word dragon, which he proves to be derived from the dragon, or weapon (a horse-pistol, the muzzle ornamented with a dragon's head), with which that description of cavalry was formerly armed. This is admirably corroborated in Dr. Meyrick's collection of armour, and his most interesting explanation of it, which we had the good fortune to hear.

Torquato Tasso: a Dramatic Poem, from the German of Goethe; with other German Poetry. Translated by Charles Des Voeux, Esq. 8vo. pp. 307. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

THE advertisement of this volume excited in our minds, we acknowledge, no slight degree of curiosity and interest. The original poet is well known and highly valued in his "fatherland," and we gladly received the promise of possessing his celebrated work in our own language. A faithful and able translation of any production of merit from the German into English is calculated to enrich our own tongue from the best of all sources. The two languages are daughters of the same parent: their long separation has somewhat estranged them from each other, but they can never be brought together under good auspices without reciprocal benefit.

The first, or rather the first and last point in a translation, is fidelity. Whatever beauties are forced upon the original by the more sublime genius or the more poetic imagination of the translator, must be, in fairness, deducted from his praise, as positive demerits. The historian may invent a far more engaging tissue of incidents, and throw an infinitely higher interest over the characters of the drama, than the facts of the chronicle could produce; but if he is seduced by the temptation, he lays aside forthwith the good faith of the historian. It is so in a translation: every departure from the ori-

ginal, even granting it to be an improvement, is so far a dereliction of the translator's duty, and becomes a departure from excellence. For the fidelity of Mr. Des Voeux's translation we have the evidence of Goethe himself. Goethe is a good English scholar; and in the very delicate dedication of this work to him, we find that it is to his "approving kindness and encouragement these translations owe their completion." The approval of Goethe is praise rarely bestowed. The father's partial fondness seldom leaves his mind satisfied with the portrait of his favourite child.

Of *Torquato Tasso* itself, as well as of the minor poems, Mr. Des Voeux writes with so much correctness, and elegance, and chastened admiration, that we must allow him to speak for himself.

"No apology seems to be necessary for attempting to introduce into the English language a poem so universally admired in the original as the *Torquato Tasso* of Goethe. Those who are acquainted with German literature know how to appreciate it: those who are not, must neither expect to meet in it the terrific nor the marvellous. The story is remarkable for its simplicity, and seems merely to have been used as a vehicle for the expression of certain feelings and sentiments. The delineation of Tasso in the drama is a portrait, of which the sketch and the colouring appear equally familiar to every one conversant with his historic character. It seems impossible to have painted him otherwise than as he is there depicted. A little reflection, however, will convince us that it required the brilliant imagination and acute sensibility of Goethe to conceive and portray so successfully the imagination and sensibility of Tasso. In short, it was impossible that that high-wrought irritability of temperament, and that boundless range of fancy, which are so characteristic of the Italian poet, could have been comprehended and embodied by one who was not himself a poet, liable to similar sensations, and gifted with similar powers. In the character of Leonora d'Este, Goethe has given us an exquisite description of her sex: he has explored the recesses of the female heart; and the undivided admiration of his countrywomen has rewarded his masterly conception of those exalted attributes and feelings, from whose union he has deduced so pure a standard of womanly perfection. The minor poems which form a part of this collection are derived, as it will be seen, from a variety of sources. It was intended, in the selection of them, to give a specimen of that simplicity and feeling which may be considered peculiarly characteristic of German poetry."

We can do little more than offer a few specimens of the sweetness and exquisite touches of moral sentiment which pervade the whole poem, and of the happy combination of fidelity and elegance in the translator. The reciprocity of benefits in a state where the great and good bountifully afford shelter and countenance to deserving and struggling genius—where the poet looks to his king with pride and gratitude ("O et presidium ad dulce decus meum")—is thus beautifully described:—

"Nor number'd Italy a mighty name,
Whom this proud house had not received as guest.
And entertaining genius profiteth;
For when thou givest it the stranger's gift,
A much more beautiful one it leaves behind.
The spot is hallow'd where the good man dwells;
Though centuries have elapsed, his words and deeds
For his remotest offspring still resound!"

The delights which a highly gifted female mind enjoys in the converse of cultivated and intellectual men, supply us with one of those masterly strokes that, whilst they fix the im-

press of the mind of Leonora D'Este, exalt at the same time the female character to that grade in society, which ignorance alone would deny it the power of attaining, and below which frivolity or brutality alone could desire to see it sink.

"Where conversation with the noble leads
I gladly follow, for I follow free.
I gladly hear the conflict of the wise,
When round the secret force, that stirs in man
The varied sympathies of love and fear,
The graceful lip of eloquence doth play:
I gladly hear, when glory's princely lust,
And when acquisitions, far extended, form
The speaker's theme: and when the dextrous art
Of master spirit skilfully unweild,
Instead of overreaching us, instructs."

We must not swell our extracts: we will content ourselves with one more: it paints the warm, grateful, modest, noble, and heart of Tasso. We know not which to admire most, the thoughts of Goethe, or the language in which our translator has clothed them.

"When Nature shower'd the lovely gift of song
In rich caprice so bountiful on me,
Remorseless Fortune, with infuriate force,
Did thrust me from her sunny side away:
And if the beautiful world's abundance lured
The gaze of youth in glorious splendour on,
Yet troubled soon his lightome heart the pain
Of loved and loving parents—undeserved.
And did the lip unfold itself to sing
Then from it how'd a sad and woful lay;
And I accompanied, in softest tones,
A father's sorrow and a mother's woe!
'Twas thou alone, who from a bounded life
To liberty's fair height exalted me!
Who from my brow each wasting sorrow took,
And gave me freedom, that my flame-wing'd soul
Might be unfolded in ennobling song:
And now whatever praise my work receives,
'Tis you I thank, to you it doth belong."

The translator from a German work will naturally be tempted, far more than any other, to admit new compounds among his phrases and if the admission is only sanctioned by good sense and good taste, such as Mr. Des Voeux exhibits, we must be thankful for an acquisition to our store. We know that they are not the current coin of this realm, but the metal is precious, and we may preserve them as medals in our cabinet. In the translation there are some inaccuracies of language, and now and then a startling expression, as well as rhythmical and other imperfections; but, on the whole, it is a fair specimen of chastity and strength. The poet, we believe, is now far advanced in the vale of years,—his "right hand must soon forget her cunning;" but the translator is young. His production now before us, we augur to be the earnest, not only of better things, but of high excellence. Let him persevere resolutely and steadily; "Then" (we quote from his own *Tasso*)—

"Then shall his Father-land, and then the world,
In admiration ponder o'er his work."

Thackeray's History of Pitt, Earl of Chatham.
(Second Notice: Conclusion.)

Lord Chatham's political genius is before our eyes in what he achieved. His monument, after all the adventitious ornament of the time has been worn away, stands before us imperishable in the triumphant career which he opened to the arms and councils of England. But his mastery of eloquence it must be more difficult to trace. So much must depend on the manner, the countenance, the tone, the present application, the circumstances of the moment, that the most splendid powers may be defrauded of their force when the words alone of the orator are transmitted. Yet how seldom can even these be transmitted. Our only resource for forming an estimate of the orator is the opinion of his contemporaries. The two following parts of letters from Fox to the Marquis of Harrington are too full of animated and picturesque

description, as well as of party interest, for us to deny them to our readers.

"My dear Lord,—You would be with reason angry, if, after your commands, I let such a day as yesterday pass, without being the occasion of a letter to you. I did not come in till the close of the finest speech that ever Pitt spoke, and, perhaps, the most remarkable; of which I can give your lordship a true, though it must be a hearsay account. Mr. Wilkes, a friend it seems of Pitt's, petitioned against the younger Delaval, chose at Berwick, on account of bribery only. The younger Delaval made a speech on his being thus attacked, full of wit, humour, and buffoonery, which kept the House in a continual roar of laughter. Mr. Pitt came down from the gallery, and took it up in his highest tone of dignity. He was astonished when he heard what had been the occasion of their mirth. Was the dignity of the House of Commons on so sure foundations, that they might venture themselves to shake it?—Had it not, on the contrary, been diminishing for years, till now we were brought to the very brink of the precipice, where, if ever, a stand must be made? High compliments to the Speaker,—eloquent exhortations to Whigs of all conditions, to defend their attacked and expiring liberty, &c. 'Unless you will degenerate into a little assembly, serving no other purpose than to register the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful subject;' (laying on the words *one* and *subject* the most remarkable emphasis). I have verified these words by five or six different people, so that your lordship may be assured these were his very words. When I came in, he was recapitulating; and ended with "our being designed, or likely (I cannot tell which he said), to be an appendix to—I know not what—I have no name for it." Displeased, as well as pleased, allow it to be the finest speech that was ever made; and it was observed, that by his first two periods he brought the House to a silence and attention that you might have heard a pin drop. Except the words marked, observe that I do not pretend to give your lordship his words, but only the purport of his speech, of which a good deal was on bribery, I suppose, and the manner of treating it, which so much tended to lower, what was already brought too low, the authority of the House of Commons. The speaker shook him by the hand, ready to shake it off; which, I hear, gave almost as great offence as the speech. I just now hear that the Duke of Newcastle was in the utmost fidget, and that it spoiled his stomach yesterday.

"My Dear Lord,—More news. Pitt entertained us again yesterday, and I never wished more than yesterday for your lordship, for the pleasure it would have given you. The two Beckfords only, and very stupidly, opposed the army; I answered very short, and without going in the least from the purpose. Lords Barrington and Nugent made unnecessary and fulsome speeches; both declaring the extreme popularity not only of his majesty but of his ministers, and that *there were no Jacobites in England*. Nugent flattered the Duke of Newcastle by the name of the first lord of the treasury, and not without allusion to Pitt's Monday speech. Pitt, angry perhaps at this, did not however say a word of it. But, (after treating the question in a mastery way, and on a very different foot from what they had done, in three and four sentences), introduced his opinion of Jacobitism; of the tendency of too much security on that head; and of that seminary of disaffection, Oxford. He introduced the last in the prettiest manner in the

world. Nugent had said, that many who thought they had nursed up Jacobites were extremely surprised when the trial came to find they were not such. He lived in the country a good deal, and rural images presented themselves. He had seen a hen that had hatched duck-eggs, with surprise see them follow, whenever the water came in view, what sense and nature, not she, had taught them. Pitt, after talking gravely and finely on the subject, said, 'this ingenious image struck him; for, sir, I know of such a hen,' &c.: which he most delightfully brought out to be the University of Oxford; but begged them 'not to be too sure that all she hatched would ever entirely forget what she had taught them.' He was nearly (perhaps quite) single now; but he wished he might not live to see the day, when, not with declamation, not with anger (which Nugent had accused him of), but with deep concern of heart, those who would not listen to him now should say, when it was too late, 'you were in the right.' (This was for old Horace). Sir Roger Newdigate answered *pro forma*. Pitt rose again, and told the story of what had happened to him in a party of pleasure at Oxford lately, a story told most elegantly, most imitatively: Oxford had nothing to say. He made his inferences as before; and in both speeches every word was *Murray*; yet so managed, that neither he nor any body else could, or did take public notice of it, or in any degree reprehend him. I sat next Murray; who suffered for an hour."

The various sources from which the speeches have been taken, are stated very ingeniously by the present writer. He gives the following, transmitted from Lord Orford's collection. It bears in its variety, vividness, and that abrupt and resistless application to individuals, which characterised the style of its noble speaker, the strongest evidence of fidelity. Spoken by Chatham, we can well imagine it to have come with the *fulmina tonitruaque*—to have at once startled and smote the adversaries.

"Mr. Pitt began with expressing his solicitude upon the frequent and unparliamentary use which had been made of the king's sacred name; of the cruelty of so using it: formerly a man would have been brought to the bar for twice using it thus. But he had perceived, for some time, that every art was practised to lower the dignity of the House; he had long observed it dwindling, sinking! It was to such abuse he objected. No man could feel more veneration for the name that had been mentioned than himself: he particularly felt grateful returns for late condescending goodness and gracious openings. Nor did he, as yet, feel any other sensations; as yet he had no rancour to any man who had set himself at the head of this measure; as yet that man had only his pity. He did not propose to follow all the various flashy reasonings of the debate, the scope of which tended to nothing but this: 'follow your leader.' He was lost amid the number and contradictions of arguments, and should only skim over the most remarkable that had been made. One had argued so strangely, as if we were to turn our eyes to these mercenaries as a reserve, if our navies should be defeated. What! must we drain our last vital drop and send it to the North Pole! If you would traffic for succours with the czarina, why, rather than her troops, did not you hire twenty of her ships? He would say why. Because ships could not be applied to Hanover. In the reign of Charles II. what efforts were made to procure fleets from Sweden and Denmark! Now the natural system of

Europe was lost. He did not know what majorities would do, but this would hang like a millstone about the neck of any minister, and sink him along with the nation. We had been told, indeed, that Carthage, and that Spain, in 1688, were undone, notwithstanding their navies. True! but not till they betook themselves to land operations—and Carthage had, besides, a Hannibal, who would pass the Alps. The present war was undertaken for the long-injured, long-neglected, long-forgotten people of America. Hanover had been excepted as an ally by the act of limitation, not so much for fear of prejudices, as on account of its locality. But we are told, that we must assist the Hanoverians out of justice and gratitude. Out of justice! We can produce a charter against it. Out of gratitude, indeed, we ought, if Hanover has done any thing in our quarrel to draw down upon her the resentments of France. These expressions were unparliamentary, unconstitutional. With all his duty to his Majesty, he must say, that the king owes a supreme service to his people. Would our ancestors have used adulation like this? The very paragraph ought to be taken notice of and punished. Besides, is there any thing in the speech respecting Hanover that calls for this resolution. Grotius declares that it is not necessary even *socium defendere, si nulla spes belli exitus*. Then, turning with an air of the greatest contempt towards Sir George Lyttelton (Mr. Pitt said), 'a gentleman near me has talked, too, of writers on the law of nations. Nature is the best writer—she will teach us to be men, and not truckle to power. The noble lord who moved the address seemed inspired with it. I (continued Mr. Pitt), who am at a distance from that *sanctum sanctorum*, whither the priest goes for inspiration; I, who travel through a desert, and am overwhelmed with mountains of obscurity, cannot so easily catch a gleam to direct me to the beauties of these negotiations. But there are parts of this address that do not seem to come from the same quarter with the rest. I cannot unravel this mystery—yes (cried Mr. Pitt, suddenly raising his hand to his forehead), I, too, am inspired! Now, it strikes me! I remember at Lyons to have been carried to see the conflux of the Rhone and Saone; the one a gentle, feeble, languid stream, and though languid, of no depth; the other, a boisterous and impetuous torrent. But they meet at last; and long may they continue united, to the comfort of each other, and to the glory, honour, and security of the nation! I wanted, indeed, to know whence came the feebleness of that which goes upon too many legs; whose child it is—I see who breeds it up. These incoherent, un-British measures, are what are adopted instead of our proper force—our navy. It was our navy that procured the restoration of the barrier and of Flanders in the last war, by making us masters of Cape Breton. After that war, with even that indemnification in our hands, we were forced to rejoice at a bad peace. Bad as it was, we have suffered infractions from it every year, till the ministers would have been stoned as they went along the streets, if they had not at last shewn resentment. Yet how soon have they forgotten in what cause they took up arms! Are these treaties English measures? Are they preventive measures? Are they not measures of aggression? Will they not provoke Prussia, and light up a general war? If a war in Europe ensues from these negotiations, I will always follow up the authors of this measure. They must mean a land war, and how preposterously do they meditate it!

Hanover upon. O you? I when you are owing Subsidies war; ou This day though n Out of t nistry— of this s morning by night it is said ject these jected he it is only Pitt the tion of t meditati pathetic could fi could fig affright for Eng suspens Hanover country of the o revertit he belie would i the cri by say France parlian had no though place. of acti happy admir (thou little and w did aft The After the I quest said may I the swer no b 'th Lord castle was pers desc appl Mur O by t writ a w shou the whi of C pecu nan not tho of t An

However is the only spot you have to fight upon. Can you now force the Dutch to join you? I remember, every body remembers, when you did force them. All our misfortunes are owing to those daring, wicked councils. Subsidies annihilated ten millions in the last war; our navy brought in twelve millions. This day, I hope, will give a colour to my life—though nothing, I fear, can resist the torrent. Out of those rash measures sprung up a ministry—(what if a ministry should spring out of this subsidy?) I saw that ministry; in the morning it flourished; it was green at noon; by night it was cut down and forgotten. But it is said that it will disgrace the king to reject these treaties! But was not the celebrated treaty of Hannau transmitted hither, and rejected here? If this is a preventive measure, it is only preventive of somebody's exit.' Mr. Pitt then taxed Murray's pathetic commiseration of the evening of the king's life, with premeditation. 'He (Mr. Pitt) too, could draw a pathetic commiseration of his majesty. He could figure him far from an honest council, could figure him surrounded all the summer by affrighted Hanoverians, and with no advocate for England near him. But, alas! we cannot suspend the laws of nature, we cannot make Hanover otherwise than an open defenceless country.' He then opposed a pathetic picture of the distressed situation of this country; and reverting to Murray's image of the king, said, he believed that within two years his majesty would not be able to sleep in St. James's for the cries of a bankrupt people. He concluded by saying, that we imitated every thing of France, but the spirit and patriotism of their parliament; and that the French thought we had not sense and virtue enough (perhaps he thought so too) to make a stand in the right place. This speech, accompanied with variety of action, accents, and irony, and set off with happy images and allusions, particularly in the admired comparison of the Rhone and Saone (though one or two of the metaphors were a little forced), lasted above an hour and a half, and was kept up with inimitable spirit, though it did not begin till past one in the morning, after an attention and fatigue of ten hours. The address was carried by a large majority. After the debate, Fox said to Pitt, 'Who is the Rhone?' Pitt replied, 'Is that a fair question?' 'Why,' said Fox, 'as you have said so much that I did not desire to hear, you may tell me one thing that I would hear. Am I the Rhone, or Lord Granville?' Pitt answered, 'You are Granville.' Lord Temple, no bad commentator of Pitt's meaning, said, 'that the Rhone meant the Duke, Fox, and Lord Granville; the Saone, the Duke of Newcastle, the Chancellor, and Murray.' Yet it was generally understood, that the former was personal to Fox, the latter to Newcastle. The description *languid, but of no depth*, was scarce applicable to the Chancellor, by no means to Murray."

On the whole, we have been much gratified by the perusal of these volumes. The author writes like a man of sense and diligence. Why a work, which ought to have been national, should have been left to individual zeal, or why the protection of that inheritance of honour which must have been derived from the name of Chatham, should not have been felt as the peculiar duty of those allied to that illustrious name, are obvious questions. The author does not seem to have even been assisted by any of those communications which the correspondence of the family and its branches might furnish. And this, which was probably no fault on his side,

forms the chief deficiency of his work. We have not much of the private life of Lord Chatham, and scarcely any detail of that personal intercourse with his friends which is most illustrative of character. But what could be done, seems to have been done. The country is presented with a publication which, if not superseding all that can be conceived of a Life of Chatham, is at least incomparably superior to all that has hitherto been produced—a manly, laborious performance, which no one can read without respect for the author's application of his means, or without interest and homage for the illustrious object of his commemoration.

Historical View of the Revolutions of Portugal.

[Conclusion.]

IN our first notice we gave the early and strange history of one of those adventurers (Count Suberra) whom changeable times so often raise to eminence and notoriety; we now give the close of his career in the following:

"Not to deprive Portugal altogether of his valuable services, this distinguished patriot was at first appointed ambassador to the English court; but here his assurance failed him: he dared not openly venture into a country against which his malignity was so well known, and at whose court his mal-administration and numberless political crimes had excited too much contempt and indignation to promise him a very flattering reception. Accordingly the scene of his future diplomatic exploits it was supposed would be shifted to France; but in this quarter also, certain awkward recollections intervened to retard his approach to it. There were some, perhaps, about that court who could have spoken of the time when Senhor Pamplona, with very little to recommend him on the score of respectability, had made himself conspicuous by his ostentatious treason against his own sovereign and country, and by that profound devotion to the Buonaparteau dynasty which had led him to carry arms in the invasion of Portugal: a circumstance not promising him much encouragement in the palace of the Bourbon monarch. At length it was arranged that he should make an essay in Madrid; nor, considering the degraded and contemptible state to which that court was reduced, had he so much cause to shrink from a trial of fortune there. But so little respect could he command even in Madrid, that they sought a quarrel with him upon an occasion almost too ludicrously trifling to detail: as, however, it may be the last opportunity of his excellency's appearance in this work, I will relate it. At the period of time when nothing could be tolerated in Lisbon that did not refer to the popular form of government, our industrious and indefatigable artisans, ever careful to recommend the manufactures of England by adapting them to the prevailing taste of other countries, stamped almost every article intended for Portugal with the favourite motto, *Viva a constituição*. Among other things, they even marked the inner surface of the brass buttons sent from Birmingham with this inscription; but public feeling underwent a change, and *Viva a constituição* gave place to *Viva el rey*: the buttons of course then became unsaleable, and, indeed, treasonable. Previous to the departure of Count Suberra for the Spanish capital, he ordered a handsome livery, befitting the appearance which he desired to exhibit, for all his servants. The tailor not having any buttons sufficiently brilliant for the occasion, went to a vender of those articles, and was told that he could be supplied with

some exactly suited to his wish, but that they unfortunately bore the exploded motto. 'That,' said the tailor, 'does not signify; the inscription is on the back of the buttons, and will not be seen: besides, the count is going immediately out of the kingdom.' The bargain was concluded, the liveries were furnished, and his excellency most innocently conducted to the ultra-royalist court of a very legitimate king some dozens of these revolutionary buttons. It unfortunately happens that the words in question bear the same signification both in Portuguese and Spanish; and it still more disastrously fell out, that, by some chance, the reverse of one of these buttons came under the eye of a loyal Spaniard. The effect was electrical; for nothing less than a plot to re-revolutionise the whole Peninsula could be inferred from so alarming a discovery. Two of the poor fellows who wore the count's livery were seized on by the troops about the palace, and nearly murdered: while a tremendous outcry was raised against the ambassador. 'See,' it was exclaimed, 'this Portuguese fellow, not content with betraying his own country, and misleading his king, has come here with a desperate plan for the overthrow of this monarchy. His attendants are all freemasons: they bear concealed about them the atrocious watchword of their conspiracies.' Annoyed at the clamour which assailed him—mortified by the looks of suspicion that clouded the Spanish court, and proved its readiness to entertain the accusation—and probably judging that there were many of all ranks in Lisbon who would delight in thus involving him, the count sent home one of the guilty coats, and commissioned a friend to bring the inventors and perpetrators of the scheme to condign punishment. But the poor tailor succeeded so well in exalting himself from any evil intention, that he merely underwent three days' confinement in prison; while the button-seller, by proving that the other was previously acquainted with the objectionable character of his goods, entirely escaped. It caused, however, much laughter at the Count Suberra's expense; and was the means of shewing him on how slight a foundation his credit stood, even with those of whose political principles he had so long avowed himself the ardent supporter. His removal from Lisbon was auspicious alike to the sovereign and the people; and though it is said that his majesty expressed dissatisfaction at the insult which he considered the court of Spain as having cast on his representative, it was impossible that he should feel any lasting regret on being released from such thralldom. Some reasonable prospect now appeared [of the amelioration of long-standing evils, and the improvement of the country, which had sunk deeper and deeper into the abyss of poverty and despair. The queen's party, though severely checked, had continued their intrigues; and the constitutionalists, pretty well recovered from their alarm consequent on the memorable proceedings of the 30th of April, were again beginning to indulge their favourite speculations. The army, never at a loss for causes of complaint, and some of them really founded in justice, were ripe for a change, and certainly most inclined for such as would promote the interests of Don Miguel, whom they looked upon as a martyr to his honourable zeal against a worthless faction, and whose banishment they attributed to the machinations of that cabal. Irritated by the violent conduct of the Cortes, the young and promising empire of Brazil had closed her ports against the commerce of Por-

tugal, whose shipping in the Tagus now dwindled away almost to nothing. Tracing, as we have done, this unhappy country through a deepening sea of troubles, during a period of seventeen years, and beholding her miseries augment with every change that seemed to hold out a hope of their alleviation, we now find her arrived at that acme of national suffering beyond which there is nothing but dissolution to expect. Abroad, bereft of her colonies, destitute of commerce, and unable to command credit; at home, divided into two powerful factions, who equally detested and despised the existing government, as totally unfit to lead, and unable to oppose them,—what expectation could she indulge of escaping the stormy conflict, the deluge of blood that threatened to ensue from the heated and overcharged state of the political atmosphere? The crisis could not have passed over without some more memorable change than had yet been experienced; but at this juncture England stepped forward, and offered her invaluable aid to mediate between Portugal and Brazil."

The death of the King and succession of Don Pedro now occurred. The latter immediately granted the constitutional charter which at present exists, and which the author contends is admirably adapted for the well-being of Portugal. The chief events which followed were the renunciation of the crown of Portugal by Don Pedro in favour of his infant daughter, Donna Maria II., and the offer of a share in "the golden round" to Prince Miguel. The plan is considered to be wise and excellent. By Don Miguel's marrying his niece, hereafter, he would acquire that authority at which he has aimed; and the writer assures us that he is heartily contented with the prospect, and does not participate in the turbulent and ambitious designs of the Marquis of Chaves and the absolute faction.

We have now a history of the rebellion of last year, and of the division of parties still struggling for the mastery. It is stated that the lower clergy are entirely disaffected to the constitution presented by Don Pedro; and that by practising on popular credulity by the most insidious arts and misrepresentations, a considerable portion of the people have also been induced to dislike this boon. The army, partially seduced, rose under Chaves and the Marquis of Abrantes, who proclaimed Don Miguel king. They were, however, repulsed, and fled into Spain, by which country they were evidently supported when concentrated on the frontier of their own. The arrival of a British force in the Tagus paralysed the insurgents. "The movements," observes the author, "of our troops upon Coimbra did away with the deception under which their temporary pause in Lisbon contributed to leave the insurgents; and we may reasonably conclude, that the last effort of the rebels will prove to have been the expiring struggle of a discomfited faction. Now that their final expulsion is effected, and our army has taken up its assigned positions, no farther aggression from the Spanish territory can be apprehended. But let us be most particular in confining our military assistance within the limits of this task, carefully avoiding the slightest appearance of interposition, on the part of our troops, in the internal government of the country. Any encroachment, any assistance, where her police is concerned, will be pregnant with the most disastrous consequences. With the administration of justice, with what relates to the reciprocal duties of rulers and their subjects, with all that binds these to their laws and to each

other, British soldiers must be totally unconnected; ever bearing in mind, that, as a foreign invasion alone could justify their appearance in that country, so, nothing but the repeated attempt at hostile aggression from another kingdom, can authorise their slightest deviation from the quiescence of a defensive attitude. Should any new internal revolt arise, I will venture to predict that it cannot wear an aspect so serious as to disturb the general tranquillity of the country, or baffle the measures which her government must be left to take for its suppression. To this conclusion I am led by the palpable fact, that all the revolutionary movements in Portugal have hitherto been ventured upon under the expectation of assistance from Spain, should such be required. The rebellion of 1820 sprung from the progress of the Spanish constitution; the counter-revolution of 1823 was commenced by the Marquis of Chaves, upon the advance of the French army, and completed upon the triumph of arbitrary principles in the sister kingdom. The revolt of 1826, originating in the ambitious projects of a turbulent party, would never have become formidable if unassisted by Spanish bribery, and promises of all necessary aid, both in arms and in troops. But while a British army interposes between the territory of Portugal and that of her mischievous neighbour, a prospect so evidently chimerical will fail to delude any considerable part of the nation.

"It remains for England to make good her promises of friendship to the country, by strenuously exerting the influence with which her guardian character invests her, to ensure to its people the full enjoyment of every advantage connected with the cause which she advocates. I am aware how great a clamour has been raised, in different quarters, on the subject of 'thrusting a constitution on the Portuguese nation at the point of the bayonet,' and if such nonsense deserved a serious refutation, it would be easily given.

"An erroneous supposition is entertained by some, that in Portugal a considerable faction bend their united efforts against our influence. But no English or anti-English feeling has ever existed there to such extent as to deserve the title of party prejudice. Our conduct and our people have been judged by individuals, as occasion offered, and applauded or reviled according to our sympathy or indifference towards their supposed national welfare. These, however, were merely the partialities and resentments of the moment, and I believe that a recurrence of the same circumstances will always excite no more than the same temporary variations of feeling, in the mass of the Portuguese nation, towards us. Be the government as despotic as it may, there will be no ground for serious apprehension on their part, so long as we maintain an army of 10,000 men on their territory, and a naval squadron in the Tagus; but rather let us withdraw both, and leave the country to destroy itself in the violence of civil commotions, than affix to the English name the stigma of supporting an unjust administration, and overawing an oppressed people. It is to avert so painful an alternative, that England should now keep a jealous eye upon the rulers of Portugal; and should the old disposition to bad faith and indifference to the public welfare re-appear, let the same threat be resorted to that is said to have wrought on John VI., when by no other means could he be persuaded to dismiss his ministry; the menace of withdrawing the British squadron, and leaving him, with his favourite Suberra, to concert measures for the suppression of that rebellious spirit

of which he had so often experienced the effects. It must be our part to apprise the executive and legislative powers, that, unless they be faithful to their pledge of labouring for the happiness and prosperity of their country, they will be left to encounter alone the natural consequences of their misconduct. The recent promulgation of the constitutional charter now renders this vigilance on our part more needful; because, by the neglect of those whose office it is to bring its enactments into due operation, injury rather than benefit to the country may be the result. The analogy which it bears to our own admirable and happy constitution, will not immediately produce corresponding advantages. The required concurrence of the three estates is with us a formidable bar to innovations, the tendency of which would generally be injurious,—our well-established laws and political regulations scarcely admitting of much alteration for the better. Portugal, on the contrary, groans under a code that requires not merely revision, but a total change in almost every particular; and it may be found as difficult there to unite the three estates for the amelioration of evil, as with us for the overthrow of what is salutary and estimable. Many changes, sudden and entire, must be wrought in Portugal, unpalatable to royalty, to aristocracy, or to the representatives of the people; and from obstructions easily raised in one of these quarters, such delays, jealousies, and misunderstandings, may be produced, as shall serve to counteract the best digested plans for the public advantage. Here our prompt and decisive interference is requisite, to enforce, to the extent of our influence, the adoption of measures that will leave the nation no cause to regret the failure of Spanish policy, in attempting again to force upon them a form of government so despotic as to exclude all disputations on the subject of their interests."

With this extract we conclude. The public, if desirous of further information, which it cannot fail to be, will find much more in this volume, of which we can only render an imperfect account.

Lettre à M. Abel-Rémusat sur la Nature des Formes Grammaticales en général, et sur le Génie de la Langue Chinoise en particulier.
Par M. G. de Humboldt. Paris, 1827. 8vo.

THE beneficial study of Chinese in Europe may be dated from Earl Macartney's embassy to China. Prior to that event, European Sinologues limited themselves to arranging the materials furnished by the Catholic missionaries. Since then, they have read and translated Chinese books, compiled Chinese dictionaries, and written Chinese grammars, founded on Chinese principles, not cast in Latin moulds.

We refer this charge to Earl Macartney's embassy, because that embassy directed Sir George Thomas Staunton's attention to the study of Chinese; and he was the first person in Europe who translated a Chinese work, not previously translated by the Catholic missionaries.

Sir George Staunton's example has not been lost upon his countrymen. The names of Morrison, Marshman, Davis, and Milne, stand deservedly high in the annals of the cultivation of Chinese literature by Europeans.

Nor have continental scholars neglected the study of the Chinese language. The useful application of a knowledge of Chinese to the elucidation of history and geography by M. de

Klaproth, and the distinguished individual to whom the letter under review is addressed, must be well known to every person interested in oriental literature.*

The publication of Basile's Chinese dictionary, by M. de Guignes, fils, and especially the creation of a Chinese professorship at the Collège Royal de France, have given a strong impulse to the study of Chinese in France. Thence it has extended to Prussia, and other parts of the old German empire, where several persons are now studying the principles of that extraordinary language. Among these is the author of the *Lettre à M. Abel Rémusat*, whose philosophical views of language promise to raise him to the same rank among philologists, which his brother, Baron Alexander de Humboldt, holds among scientific travellers.

The small space we can devote to this letter, in which the metaphysics of language are so interestingly developed, obliges us to confine ourselves almost exclusively to those parts which relate to the peculiar nature of the Chinese language, and its advantages and disadvantages, as contrasted with Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin. We, however, strongly recommend the perusal of the whole of the *Lettre* to those of our readers who study the philosophy of language, and venture to promise them high gratification in the novelty and correctness of most of the writer's views.

The essential difference between the Chinese language and languages, whose cases, tenses, &c. are formed by adding to or altering the radical word, is thus stated by M. de Humboldt.

"The Chinese language employs all its words in the state in which they indicate ideas abstracted from all grammatical relations. All Chinese words, though enchain'd in a phrase, are *in statu absoluto*, and in that respect resemble Sanscrit radicals. The Chinese language renounces the precise and minute distinction of grammatical categories, ranges the words composing its phrases in the less restricted order of the current of the ideas, and gives to its periods the structure to which this system is applicable. Sanscrit, and the languages which have an evident affinity with it, establish the distinction of the grammatical categories as the sole basis of their grammar, pursue this distinction into its minutest ramifications, and abandon themselves in the formation of their phrases to all the stretch of fancy that this safe and faithful guide permits them to take. Greek, in particular, enjoys this advantage. I believe that even the Latin and Sanscrit languages are inferior to Greek in its phraseology, at once exact and rich and beautiful, insinuating itself into all the turns of the thought, and expressing all its shades."

Having stated that "the grammars of other languages have an etymological and a syntactical part, while Chinese grammar acknowledges only the latter," M. de Humboldt thus corroborates this assertion, and explains the general principles on which the Chinese arrange their words in sentences:—

"The Chinese range the words of their phrases in an established order. The fundamental distinction on which this order rests consists in the words that limit the others preceding them, while the words to which the others are directed as their object, follow those on which they are dependent. Now, it is in

the nature of verbs, inasmuch as they express the idea of an action, to have an object towards which they direct themselves; while it is in the nature of nouns, as designating things, (either qualities or substances), to be limited in the extent assigned to them. Nouns, in Chinese, are therefore recognised by this circumstance, that they are preceded by their limitations, and verbs by being followed by their complement. But destitute of inflexions, or any thing substituted for them, the fixed point which is necessary for applying the rules of position is often wanting in Chinese. It may be said with certainty, that the verb is preceded by its subject, and followed by its complement; but position alone does not furnish any means for recognising the verb, that first link to which all the others are to be attached. Grammatical rules are insufficient in this case: the only means are to have recourse to the signification of the words, and the sense of the context. In the Chinese language, the sense of the context is the basis of intelligibility, and the grammatical construction must often be deduced from it. The verb itself is not distinguishable, except by its verbal sense. The customary method, in the classical languages, of making the grammatical investigation and the examination of the construction precede the search for the words in the dictionary, is entirely inapplicable to the Chinese language: in that, it is always necessary to commence by ascertaining the significations of the words."

In relation to the comparative advantages of the Chinese grammatical system, and that of the classical languages, M. de Humboldt remarks:—

"The Chinese language astonishes, by a singular phenomenon, which consists in acquiring an advantage unknown to any other language, by the renunciation of an advantage common to all others. By rejecting, as much as the nature of language permits, the colours and the shades which the expression adds to the thought, the Chinese language makes the ideas stand forth more prominently. Its art consists in arranging them immediately in contact with each other, so that their conformities and oppositions are not only perceived and felt, as in all other languages, but strike the mind with a new force, and excite it to pursue and to render present their mutual relations. From hence arises a pleasure evidently independent of the substance of the reasoning, and which may be termed purely intellectual, as it belongs solely to the form and arrangement of the ideas. If the causes of this pleasure are investigated, it is found to arise principally from the rapid and insulated manner in which the words, each expressive of a complete idea, are placed near each other, and the boldness with which all that serves merely for combining them is removed."

Although the Chinese language possesses this advantage, the classical languages are, in M. de Humboldt's opinion, more than compensated for its absence by the definiteness with which they can express ideas: for, he says, "If it is impossible to deny that it is from language thought derives its precision and clearness, it must be confessed that this precision and clearness can only be attained in proportion as every circumstance that modifies the idea finds a corresponding expression in the spoken language. Grammatical forms, therefore, so insignificant in appearance, by furnishing the means of extending and interlacing phrases as the idea requires, allow greater freedom to the idea, permit and invite it to develop itself even to the lightest shades and the

least obvious relations. The grammatical perfection of the classical languages is a means of giving to ideas more extension, delicacy, and depth of colouring, and of expressing them with more exactness and fidelity. This is accomplished by adding to them a symmetry of form and harmony of sound analogous to the ideas expressed, and to the feelings that accompany them."

After stating the particular advantages of each system, M. de Humboldt gives his decision in favour of the classical languages in these terms:—

"The Chinese language appears to be decidedly inferior, as the vehicle of thought, to Sanscrit, Greek, and other classical languages. It labours under an absolute impossibility of attaining the peculiar advantages of the languages with more perfect grammatical systems; while these languages may, if the subject renders it necessary, use sparingly, or even suppress, the words used for connecting ideas—may employ the most indefinite terms—and if they cannot equal, may at least approximate to the laconism and boldness of the Chinese language."

The same want of space that obliged us to pass over unnoticed M. Abel Rémusat's introductory advertisement, obliges us to pass over his observations on some passages of M. de Humboldt's letter. But we must, although hastening to a conclusion, stop to express our regret, that while there are professors of Chinese at Paris, St. Petersburg, and Lisbon, there is none at either Oxford, Cambridge, or Hailybury. In an early number of the *Quarterly Review*, the existence of a Chinese professorship in England was mentioned; but this was rather stating what should have been, than what was. We hope, however, that professorships of Chinese will be included among the Oriental professorships which it was recently reported are to be created in our Universities.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, July 6.

THE arrival of the Giraffa, or Camelopardalis, at Paris, has excited great curiosity, being the first ever seen alive in Western Europe. The Pasha of Egypt, who presented it to his Majesty, sent one also for his Majesty George IV. which unfortunately died at Malta—it was a male; the one sent here is a female, two years and a half old, and stands 12 feet high. The one shot by Vaillant, and which is preserved in the Museum, is about 18 feet high, and very majestic; the present specimen is very slender in its make, and its muzzle remarkably small. It would seem that its dentition is far from complete, from the extraordinary lateral motion of the under jaw, and the length of time occupied in chewing a little hay. It is very gentle, and does not seem at all frightened at the immense crowds which approach it. If any particular noise is made, it pricks one ear, and drops the other flat to the face, turning its head, or rather the open ear, to the quarter whence the sound proceeds.

That public curiosity may be gratified, the giraffa is walked about the garden from ten to twelve daily, and exhibited, to the bearers of tickets, from one to five. There are neither door-keepers nor any other persons to be paid for this gratification. The conduct of France in the gratuitous exhibition of whatever can interest the learned and the curious, or amuse the idle, puts our English system to the blush.

On Tuesday last, the most tremendous storm of rain and hail that has been known in France for fifty-two years laid waste vegetation for

* It is highly probable that the existence of a Russian college at Peking for more than a century, has enriched Russian literature with many translations from the Chinese; but we unfortunately know scarcely any thing of the state of Chinese literature in the Russian empire.

several leagues round Paris. The hail-stones were not of a globular form, but irregular masses of ice, half an inch to an inch in thickness, and from one to three inches in length, and one to two inches in breadth: it was calculated that some of them would weigh nearly a quarter of a pound. An immense number of windows were broken; and the melon-houses and conservatories were almost entirely destroyed every where. The corn is beaten down, and the vines, at the moment of flowering, have suffered extremely. The inundation in the streets of Paris, in low situations, was tremendous; there was six feet of water in many of the streets; and in many places the sewers are open, several fatal accidents occurred. We understand that no less than seven persons were swept away by the torrent, and carried down these sewers. A similar storm fell at Paris on the 28th of July, 1775.

CAVERNS.

SIR,—You have given us particulars in your two last Numbers of some remarkable cavities of natural formation—those which Beechey supposes to be the Gardens of the Hesperides, and that which is described by your Maltese correspondent as existing on the S.E. side of the island.* You may perhaps be able (through the means of the letter, or of some other of your Mediterranean correspondents) to give the public an account of a very extensive cavern which has been discovered, not long since, in the rock of Gibraltar, by a soldier (as I think I recollect to have heard), who had nearly fallen into it, in consequence of the ground having suddenly given way under his feet. A very remarkable cavern has been known to exist for a great length of time at Gibraltar, and travellers are usually in the habit of visiting it; but the one I allude to is said to be more extensive, and of more singular formation, and an account of it would probably be interesting to many other of your readers besides myself. Perhaps some of your correspondents might also enable you to throw light upon those singular excavations which are reported to exist in the northern parts of Africa, in which whole families are said to live, and to ascend and descend by means of ropes, the caverns being inaccessible by any other means. It is generally understood that the early Christians often found refuge from persecution in natural caverns or excavations of this kind; and they may, perhaps, have formed, at various times, the greater part of those of the latter description, which are said to exist in the mountains of the Cyrenaica. Some description of places which may have sheltered from the fury of paganism, or the jealousy of rival sects, many of the venerable fathers of the church, would doubtless be interesting to the Christian reader, and very much so to,

Sir, your obedient servant,

CURIOSUS.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NORTH AMERICAN EXPEDITION.

WHERE much has been done we are the less inclined to regret failure in what may be considered the main object of an expedition like the present; and, therefore, though we do lament the circumstances which prevented Captain Franklin from accomplishing his purpose, we are sure that the following account of what he has performed will be read with great in-

terest, and due credit be given him for the perseverance, bravery, and talent, he has displayed throughout his arduous enterprise.

It will be perceived that the first portion of our narrative is obtained from the *Quebec Gazette* of the 8th ultimo: the latter portion, (marked, for distinction's sake, by an index (B) which completes the narrative, by detailing what was done by the naval part of the expedition, is derived from sources peculiar to the *Literary Gazette*, and will not be found less interesting than the other division.

We may briefly state, that the grand object of the expedition, besides generally coasting the northern shores of the American continent on the Arctic sea, was to pass from the mouth of the Mackenzie River to Behring's Straits, where Captain Franklin expected to be met by his Majesty's ship *Blossom*, Captain Beechey, who was directed to make the best of his way to Icy Cape (or farther east, if practicable), with the view of there joining the overland party.

In 1825, as has been often repeated in the public journals, Captain Franklin established his head-quarters at a fort to which his name was given, on Great Bear Lake. He then descended the Mackenzie River, made a short inspection of the sea, and returned, while the water was yet open, to his winter quarters. In the meanwhile the lake itself had been surveyed, and the distance of its eastern point from the Coppermine River ascertained. Thus stood matters till June 1826, when operations were resumed. Dividing the expedition into two parties, Captain F. placed himself at the head of that which was destined to take a western course from the mouth of the Mackenzie, and intrusted the other to the charge of Doctor Richardson, his old associate and friend, with instructions to proceed eastward from the same point to the Coppermine River. Each had two boats: Capt. Franklin the *Lion* and *Reliance* (built of mahogany), with a force consisting of Lieut. Back, eleven British seamen, marines and landmen, two Canadian voyagers, and one Esquimaux interpreter—in all sixteen:—Dr. Richardson the *Dolphin* and *Union* (one built of mahogany, and the other of fir, on the spot), with Mr. Kendall the assistant-surveyor, one seaman, two marines, six landmen, and an Esquimaux—in all twelve. On June 21, 1826, the whole started together, and once more descended the Mackenzie till July 2d, when, in 67 deg. 38 min. N. lat., 133 deg. 53 min. W. long., the letter alluded to in the *Quebec Gazette* thus relates their future progress:—

"At this place, named Parting Point by Captain Franklin, the river divides into a number of widely diverging branches, separated from each other by low and partially flooded lands. It was determined that the two divisions of the expedition should separate here, and that each party should follow the channel which accorded best with their respective routes. Captain Franklin, in the preceding autumn, had descended a middle channel, and reached the seat at Garry's Island, in lat. 69 deg. 30 min. N. long. 135 deg. 45 min. W. He now entered the most westerly arm, which winds round the base of the Rocky Mountains, and reached its mouth on the 7th of July. Its outlet is so barred by sand-banks, that the crews were compelled to drag the boats for miles, even at the top of high water. In this unpleasant situation they were visited by a large party of Esquimaux, who at first behaved quietly, and carried on a barter in an amicable manner; but at length, prompted by the desire of plunder, and confiding

in the superiority of numbers, on a preconcerted signal, upwards of two hundred stout fellows, armed with long knives, rushed into the water at once, and seizing on the boats, dragged them on shore. The judicious measures pursued by Captain Franklin, however, well seconded by the prompt obedience and determined conduct of Lieutenant Back and the crews of the boats, rescued the provisions and all the property of consequence from the hands of these freebooters, and the boats were ultimately got afloat without a shot having been fired, or any personal injury received on either side. The same party came twice that night and next day with hostile intentions, when the expedition had put ashore to repair the rigging of the boats, which had been cut in the affray; but the posture of defence in which Captain Franklin drew up his small force, deterred them from renewing the attack. The smaller parties of Esquimaux, that were subsequently met with, on the sea-coast, behaved in a friendly manner. On the 9th of July, Captain Franklin was stopped by ice, unbroken from the shore, and from that date up to the 4th of August, he could advance only as the separation took place, and seldom more than a mile or two a day. In this tedious way he reached the 141st degree of longitude, by which time the ice had given way so as to give a passage to the boats; but other obstacles, of a most serious nature, now opposed themselves to his progress. The coast was so low, and difficult of approach, from the shallowness of the water, that a landing on the main shore was effected only once, after passing the 139th degree of longitude, though it was frequently attempted, by dragging the boats for miles through the mud. On all other occasions, he had to land on the naked reefs that skirt the coast, where, after the departure of ice, the party suffered severely from the want of fresh water, and once passed two entire days without that necessary article. Thick fogs, and heavy gales of wind, prevented the expedition from quitting this inhospitable part of the coast, and it was detained on one spot for eight days by a fog so dense, that all objects were obscured at the distance of a few yards; stormy weather prevailing all the time. Notwithstanding these almost insurmountable obstacles, the resolution and perseverance of Captain Franklin and his party enabled them to reach nearly the 160th degree of longitude by the 18th of August. They had then performed more than half the distance, along the coast, to Icy Cape; had plenty of provisions, boats in good order, and an open sea before them; and although, from the fatigues they had undergone, the strength of the crews was somewhat impaired, yet their spirit was unbroken; but the period had now arrived, when it was Captain Franklin's duty, in pursuance of his instructions, to consider the probability of his being able to reach Kotzebue's Sound before the severe weather set in; and, if he did not expect to attain that object, he was prohibited from hazarding the safety of the party by a longer continuance on the coast. It would have been the extremity of rashness to have attempted to reach Kotzebue's Sound, by traversing an unknown coast at that advanced season, even had he been certain that the *Blossom* had reached that place; but the uncertainty attending all voyages in high latitudes, made it extremely doubtful whether that vessel was actually at the rendezvous or not. It was, therefore, in conformity with Capt. Franklin's usual judgment, and the almost paternal anxiety he has always evinced for the safety of those who have had the happiness to serve under his

* In this paper the extract ought to have been stated as from Lieut. Anderson's (40th Regt.) Journal of the Secret Expedition, not Dr. Anderson, as it was printed in our last.

* In a letter dated Great Bear Lake, Nov. 12, 1826, and from a gentleman who accompanied Captain Franklin.

command, that he decided upon commencing his return to Bear Lake at that period."

It seems to have been fortunate that this branch of the expedition, having failed in effecting its purpose, did return without further delay; for the writer states that the weather soon after became dangerously stormy; and that intelligence was received, not only of the intentions of the Esquimaux to assemble in great force at the mouth of the Mackenzie river, with the design of intercepting and plundering our gallant little band of countrymen, but also of the Mountain Indians to march down and attack it. Escaping these perils, the party arrived in safety at Bear Lake on the 21st of September, whence Captain F. immediately sent off his despatches for Government.* We have only to add here, that the trending of the coast had carried him to 70 deg. 30 min. of N. lat.

Tonching the proceedings of the Eastern Expedition, the letter writer gives the following clear and satisfactory account:—

"With regard to the eastern detachment of the expedition, on parting from Capt. Franklin, they pursued the easternmost channel of the river, which is that by which Mackenzie returned from the sea, and is accurately and ably described by him. They reached the sea on the 7th of July, in lat. 69 deg. 29 min. N. long. 183 deg. 24 min. W., having, on that day, fallen in with a horde of Esquimaux, who, whilst the boats were in a similar situation to Captain Franklin's, aground on the flats at the mouth of the river, endeavoured to seize upon Mr. Kendall's boat, no doubt for the purpose of plundering it. The attempt, however, which was, perhaps, merely the impulse of the moment, was not participated in by the whole horde, and was instantly frustrated by the cool courage of Mr. Kendall, and the determined attitude assumed by the party, without the necessity of having recourse to violence. They gave no farther trouble, and the party left them with the shew at least of friendship. The parties of that nation, which were met afterwards, being inferior in number to the expedition, were very civil. They displayed, however, much courage in opening an intercourse. After reaching the sea, considerable difficulty was experienced in coasting a shore of a very peculiar nature, to lat. 70 deg. 37 min. N. long. 126 deg. 52 min. W. The coast, thus far, consists of islands of alluvial (or, perhaps, in the present language of geologists, of diluvial) origin, skirted by sandy banks running far to seaward, and intersected by creeks of brackish water, and separated in part by wide estuaries, pouring out at that season of the year large bodies of fresh water. These alluvial lands are inundated by the spring floods, and covered with drift timber, except a number of insulated mounds of frozen earth, which rise considerably above the highest water-mark, and are analogous to the frozen banks or icebergs described as bounding Kotzebue's Sound. Betwixt them and the main shore there is a very extensive lake of brackish water, which perhaps communicates with the eastern branch of the Mackenzie, and receives at least one other large river. This party subsequently tracked a rocky and bolder shore, rounded Cape Parry in lat. 70 deg. 18 min. N. long. 123 deg. W., Cape Krusenstern in lat. 68 deg. 46 min. N., long. 114 deg. 45 min. W., and entered George the Fourth's Coronation Gulf, by the Dolphin and Union Straits, which brought them nearly to the 113th deg. of west longitude. They

then steered for the Coppermine river, and entered it on the 8th of August. They suffered some detention on this voyage, from bad weather, and had on several occasions to cut a passage through tongues of ice with the hatchet, and to force a way for the boats with much labour and some hazard. The ice attains a great thickness in that sea, some of the floes being aground in nine fathoms water; but under the powerful radiation of a sun constantly above the horizon, in the summer months, it decays with an almost incredible rapidity. As the boats drew only twenty inches of water, the party were, on several occasions, enabled to sail through shallow canals, worn on the surface of these floes by the action of the waves, when, from the ice being closely packed on the shore, they could find no passage betwixt the masses of which it was composed. They had fortunately clear weather for these attempts. Had they experienced the fogs which Captain Franklin met with to the westward, they must of necessity have remained on shore. Notwithstanding the quantity of ice they encountered thus early in the season, they were convinced that towards the end of August there is a free passage for a ship along the northern coast of America, from the 100th to the 150th degree of west longitude; and to the eastward of the Mackenzie there are some commodious harbours, although there are none on the part of the coast surveyed by Captain Franklin to the westward. The whole difficulty in performing the north-west passage in a ship, seems to be in attaining the coast of the continent through the intricate straits which lead from Baffin's or Hudson's Bays. The flood tide was found setting every where along the coast from the eastward. The rapids, which obstruct the navigation of the Coppermine, prevented them from bringing their boats above eight miles from the sea, and they therefore abandoned them there, with the remainder of their stores, tents, &c. a present to the Esquimaux, and set out overland to Fort Franklin, carrying (exclusive of instruments, arms, and ammunition, and a few specimens of plants and minerals,) merely a blanket and ten days' provisions for each person. They arrived on the eastern arm of Bear Lake on the 18th of August, and at the Fort on the 1st of September, after an absence of 71 days, in excellent health and condition. The two branches of the expedition have thus surveyed the coast through upwards of 36 degrees of longitude, which, together with Captain Franklin's former discoveries and those of Captain Parry, render the Arctic Sea pretty well known, as far as the 118th degree of west longitude. There remains only 11 degrees of unknown coast betwixt that and Icy Cape; and Captain Beechey has, perhaps, by this time, traced a considerable portion even of that, in the Blossom; so that a complete discovery of the north-west passage, so long an object for which Britain has contended, is now brought within very narrow limits."

It is here that we (*Literary Gazette*) can take up the thread of the narration, and state what has been done on the side of the Pacific Ocean; by which it will appear that Captain Franklin's fearing to go on, lest the Blossom should have failed in reaching its appointed destination, was very unfortunate. Captain Beechey did succeed, and had arrived at Kotzebue Sound, the appointed place of rendezvous! Here the gallant officer remained, waiting in the fond hope of meeting the overland expedition, till the harbour began to freeze; when, to avoid being frozen in, he was reluctantly

obliged to hoist his sails and depart. The following is an extract from a private letter from Captain Beechey; and its description of the writer's feelings and disappointments is to our mind as affecting as it is simple and natural.

"San Francisco, Nov. 4, 1825."

"With the expectation of being by this time on my way home, I quitted St. Paul's on the 4th of July, and hastened to Kotzebue Sound, performing what I could for hydrography in my way. I waited there four days, and then proceeded to the northward. The weather was fine, and favourable for our purpose; and we executed our work in a much shorter period than I could have expected, and succeeded in penetrating 120 miles farther than the Icy Cape of Captain Cook. Success, in this respect, excited our warmest expectation of similar good fortune in my much-esteemed friend Captain Franklin; but this was a feeling which gradually subsided, as the time passed away without his arrival. I was myself so sanguine of his success, from what I had seen of the coast about Prince Regent's Inlet, and the facility that was there generally offered to boats proceeding between the land and the ice, that the appearance of every halibut (native boat) that rounded the point of the anchorage gave rise to the most lively hopes: each successive disappointment, however, and the near approach of winter, which had latterly become too evident, greatly tended to deaden these sensations, until every expectation had at length passed away. I determined, however, to wait for him as long as it was possible, without being frozen in. Towards the end of September we were visited by different companies of natives, travelling homewards, with their stock of provisions for the winter, which they had been occupied in collecting during the summer months. This, in some degree, broke the monotony of the scene; but their visits latterly became 'few and far between,' and we were eventually left quite alone. At length the edges of the harbour were frozen, and it needed only a day or two of calm weather to render the whole a mass of ice. This was a signal which I dared not disobey; and on the 14th October, with a clear sky, and hard frosty weather, we steered out of the Sound; our minds filled with anxiety for our intrepid countrymen, to whose relief (in the event of their arriving subsequent to our departure) we endeavoured to contribute, by leaving a supply of flour on the island for them, and a case of beads, to enable them to purchase the friendship of the neighbouring tribes."

Having seen how very nearly Captain Franklin and Captain Beechey had approached each other,—the one in longitude 150 deg., and in so high a northern latitude that these degrees are only about 23 or 24 miles; the other 160 miles within Icy Cape, which lies in long. 160 deg., we cannot help feeling more and more vexation that the small intervening space was not surmounted, and their junction—the grand completion of the expedition—happily effected.

"The expedition (thus concludes the letter in the Quebec paper, which we believe may be relied on) returns to England next year, by the Hudson's Bay Company's ship, with the exception of Captain Franklin, and Dr. Richardson, who proposes to go home by the way of Canada and New York. As Captain Franklin intends to travel the winter on the ice, he hopes to reach Montreal towards the end of August 1827."

[In our next we shall throw together some further particulars of the Blossom's interesting voyage.]

* They have not yet reached the Admiralty.—Ed. L. G.

* San Francisco is a port in New Albin.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

Oxford, June 30.—On Wednesday, the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred on Thomas G. B. Eatcourt, Esq. of Corpus, M.P. for the University; H. Hobhouse, Esq. M.A. of Brasenose College, one of his Majesty's Under Secretaries of State; E. J. Foote, Esq. of Highfield, Hants, Vice-Admiral of the Red; Sheffield Grace, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn; and Christopher Wren, Esq. of Wroxall Priory, Warwickshire.

At the same time, the Rev. J. W. Geldart, D.C.L. of Trinity-hall, Cambridge, and Regius Professor of Civil Law in that University, was admitted *ad eundem*; after which the honorary degree of M.A. was conferred on S. Jarrett, Esq. Gentleman Commoner of Magdalen College.

After the Creweian Oration, in honour of the founders and benefactors of the University (which was spoken by Professor Milman), the prizes were recited as follows:—

Latin Verse.—"Mexicum." By Charles Wordsworth, Commoner of Christ Church.

Latin Essay.—"Lex apud Romanos Agraria." By Wm. John Blake, B.A. Gentleman Commoner of Christ Church.

English Essay.—"The influence of the Crusades upon the Arts and Literature of Europe." By Frederick Oakley, B.A. Fellow of Balliol College.

English Verse (Newdigate).—"Pompeii." By Robert Stephen Hawker, Student in Civil Law, of Magdalen Hall.

CAMBRIDGE, July 6.—On Tuesday last, being Commencement Day, the following Doctors and Masters of Arts were created:—

Doctors in Divinity.—Rev. J. Lamb, Master of Corpus Christi College; Rev. J. L. Sisson, Clare Hall.

Doctors in Physic.—W. Clark, Trinity College, Professor of Anatomy; C. J. R. Allatt, Trinity College; E. Lambert, Pembroke College.

Masters of Arts.—D. Green, T. Taylor, R. S. Robson, S. Gedde, C. J. Camidge, J. Truman, A. Sidney, G. Wallis, E. Wilson, R. Frost, H. N. Beaver, W. Birch, Catherine Hall; J. Jones, J. Hargrave, C. P. Wilton, T. W. Franklin, W. N. Welsby, F. North, E. R. Benyon, G. G. Carrighan, T. Bingham, R. Battersby, J. Bromfield, J. Carter, R. H. Rudbeck, C. A. J. Smith, R. Dundardale, J. D. Miller, B. Wilson, J. M. Bell, W. G. Sealy, T. Williams, W. Hills, J. Dovell, C. Jesson, R. G. Duck, G. W. Birkett, C. D. M. Drake, E. P. Hannam, H. Stebbing, J. Cowling, E. Francis, W. Latten, R. W. S. Lutwidge, B. Young, C. Lawson, W. S. Wade, W. H. Scott, R. D. Wilmot, W. Hyde, M. Anderson, St. John's College; S. Paynter, J. R. Major, W. B. Winning, F. Martin, J. A. Jeremie, F. Malkin, F. P. Hoole, S. Tennant, W. J. Thornton, J. Willey, H. Beckett, H. Wardell, T. Remington, N. W. Gibson, H. J. Smith, J. C. Pigott, W. P. Wood, F. W. White, N. Robinson, J. Rodwell, M. Kinsey, J. Sumner, W. F. Barham, G. D. B. Beaumont, I. B. Robinson, T. M. Browne, E. Grubb, W. B. Evans, C. London, W. Start, J. H. Gurney, F. B. Pearson, W. H. Place, C. S. Yorke, C. S. Bird, W. Foster, J. Buckle, Trinity College; T. Sewell, R. B. Buckle, G. Wells, W. T. Napleton, Sidney College; T. S. Scratton, E. Balnes, W. A. Collins, H. Severne, J. Baldwin, T. C. Colls, R. J. Waters, E. Hill, G. J. Denton, G. B. Blomfield, J. A. Smith, G. S. M. Montgomerie, Christ College; T. B. Whitehurst, R. Montgomery, J. W. Berry, J. Hogg, D. Evans, G. S. Hele, J. Dearden, T. H. Jones, J. D. Parry, J. F. Cobb, St. Peter's College; H. Pearson, R. W. Gery, M. Lloyd, E. J. W. Valpy, G. Blake, W. H. Hill, W. B. Bere, B. Bray, Emmanuel College; W. Crawley, T. W. Gage, J. Crossland, T. G. Hall, W. Ford, E. B. Bagshaw, Magdalen Hall; R. W. Sutton, J. Teeson, R. Daniel, H. Pixel, C. Dudley, C. W. Whiter, C. H. B. Baeley, E. C. Lawton, Clare Hall; H. Arlett, W. H. Turner, T. Atkinson, W. T. Sandya, R. Rising, J. H. Gospi, T. H. Winbolt, J. C. Worsley, C. C. Worsley, Pembroke College; J. Bowstead, J. J. Turner, W. N. Hooper, A. Herring, H. A. Greaves, J. Riggs, S. S. Wood, C. C. College; C. Austin, R. Symes, J. Shillbeer, G. Wade, Jesus College; J. G. Maxwell, E. Guest, C. Arnold, J. Luman, J. T. P. Coffin, J. Innes, S. Sendale, E. J. Senkler, E. Fitz-Moore, J. Lubbock, I. P. Cory, A. P. Clayton, J. Ayre, C. R. Beauchamp, Caius College; R. J. Atkinson, J. Dodsworth, R. Dunning, W. Fry, F. Pickford, G. Atkinson, W. H. Layton, Queen's College.

At the congregation on Saturday, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. J. Evans, Fellow of Clare Hall.

Licentiate in Physic.—J. B. Steward, Pembroke College.

Bachelors in Civil Law.—Rev. G. Holbrook, C. Birch, Trinity Hall.

Bachelor of Arts.—J. Flannan, Fellow of King's College.

At the congregation on Monday, the following degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Master of Arts.—His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, St. John's College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. J. F. Dawson, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. W. King, Trinity College; G. Cheere, Queen's College.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The Exhibition, we believe, closes after to-day. Being enforced to pass it over this week, we purpose giving a few concluding remarks in our next.

LORD DE TABLEY'S SALE.

ON this memorable event in the annals of British Art we are also obliged to postpone our observations. Suffice it to say, that in an amount of seven thousand odd hundred pounds (the amount of the sale), there was a sum of nearly 2000*l.* beyond the original cost of the pictures. Could there be, independently of the patriotic and refined feeling which leads to the encouragement of a national school, a stronger inducement to the wealthy and elevated to become the patrons of our native artists?

LORD GROSVENOR'S PICTURES.

ON Wednesday we were among those who enjoyed the consummate treat which has recently been afforded to the admirers of the fine arts, by the opening of Lord Grosvenor's noble new Gallery in Park Lane. This splendid building having been completed, his Lordship has most handsomely issued cards of admission with a liberal hand, and twice a week thrown open a suite of six apartments (including this Gallery), filled with pictorial treasures of the highest excellence, to the view of artists, amateurs, and distinguished patrons of the arts. As it would require many days to investigate a tithe part of the grand and exquisite productions which are here displayed, so it would require many sheets like ours to point out their superb and admirable qualities. We shall merely say, that the Rubens' are, for subject, execution, and condition, the best examples which can be conceived of that astonishing master: they form the most striking feature in the Gallery. But there are also a number of *chef d'œuvres* of other famous names. The Claude's are delicious—Poussin's of the highest class—Salvator full of grandeur—Berghem, Vernet, and many others, Italian, Spanish, German, and Flemish schools, in their choicest styles. Nor ought we to omit to mention the works of our own countrymen: Mrs. Siddons, as the tragic muse, by Reynolds; and the *Cottage Door*, by Gainsborough (bought at Lord de Tabley's, on Saturday), illustrate and adorn this splendid mansion, even in the midst of the surrounding triumphs of foreign art.

Before we lay down our pen, we desire, without instituting any invidious comparisons, and simply as the offer of our tribute of thanks to Lord Grosvenor, to notice that proper and liberal conduct which has forbidden, in this instance, the reception of any *douceur* from visitors by his servants. The levying of such a tax is always to be lamented as an error in our national manners; but it is difficult to break through long-prevailing customs. So has Lord Grosvenor done. Hundreds are allowed to promenade his residence (given up by its owner for their gratification)—they are attended by servants, helped to catalogues, and meet with every kind of polite attention—and, as it should

be in a prince's, a nobleman's, or a gentleman's house, "no money is taken at the door."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Pompeii; illustrated with Engravings. By W. B. Cooke. Containing upwards of 90 Plates, and 120 pages of letter-press, &c. &c. London. Published by W. B. Cooke, Soho Square.

WE have had occasion to observe, that works which, from their magnitude and importance, appeared worthy of national undertaking, have in fact been produced by individual exertion, and sustained for the greater part by individual talent. Such is this magnificent and interesting work, just completed, in which the adventurous spirit of the publisher, and the well-directed and persevering efforts of the artist and his co-adjutors, are eminently conspicuous,—with what success it is hardly necessary to say, since all the publications brought forward by Mr. W. B. Cooke display sound judgment, united with good taste. In Pompeii, his crowning work, independently of his own talents and the talents of those employed in the graphic department, there is, from the nature and character of its subject, an interest of the highest kind, involving events which have occupied the attention of ages, filling the mind of the contemplative, and the pages of history, with images and records of the most stupendous and alarming import. To what has formerly appeared in accounts of this devoted city, of its buildings, its monuments, implements, &c. is here added the details of recent excavations and discoveries, including the Pantheon, baths, and Temple of Fortune, up to the present time of 1827.

The work has been executed from the original drawings of Lieut.-Col. Cockburn, of the Royal Artillery, J. Goldcutt, H. Parke, and T. S. Donaldson, architects.

It is difficult, from a work of such variety and excellence, to select the most striking examples, but we can recommend it entirely to the lovers and patrons of the fine arts, as one of the most splendid publications that has ever appeared (as an individual undertaking) in this country, equally creditable to national talent, and deserving of public encouragement.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET

To Miss Kelly, on her excellent performance of Blindness in the revised Opera of Arthur and Emmeline.

RARE artist! who with half thy tools, or none,
Canst execute with ease thy curious art,
And press thy powerful'st meanings on the heart,

Unaided by the eye, expression's throne!
While each blind sense, intelligent grown
Beyond its sphere, performs the effect of sight;

Those orbs alone, wanting their proper might,
All motionless and silent, seem to moan

The unseemly negligence of Nature's hand,
That left them so forlorn. What praise is thine,

O mistress of the passions!—artist fine!—

Who dost our souls against our sense command;

Plucking the horror from a sightless face,
Lending to blank deformity a grace.

C. LAMB.

SONG, WITH A MORAL.

"LAURA, my love, come on with me,
See, every thing is ready,
My gallant boat is on the sea,
The boatman young and steady;

And time and tide won't wait for me,
Nor will they wait for you;
If you but smile, how blest we'll be!—
The moon is smiling too."

Swiftly the placid waves along
The merry bark has bounded,
And lightly still the boatman's song
Over the waters sounded:
The waves kiss softly as they pass,
The moon beams fair above,
And he who rows so smooth and fast
Is the little God of Love.

And still their days in bliss were spent,
Each pleasure came to greet them,
And earth and sea, where'er they went,
Were drest in smiles to meet them;
Still guided over sea and land
By one of young Love's darts,
Which he had turned into a brand,
And lighted at their hearts.

And happy thus they went along,
Their pleasures nought could blight then,
And nothing ever then went wrong,
But every thing went right then:
Till, ending all their former bliss,
No longer fond and gay,
They chose another course to his,
And turned young Love away.
But soon they do their folly feel,
When Love no more befriends them,
For not one pleasure comes to heal
The ceaseless car that rends them;
Their scene, before so sweet and bright,
Which Love had made so fair,
Became, since it had lost his light,
A scene of gloom and care.

They think on Love, and pray, once more,
With tears and lowly kneeling,
That he will guide them as before,
Their every sorrow healing.
"No, no," says Love, "in vain you pray—
Your tears your sighs are vain;
For when Love once is turned away,
He'll ne'er come back again."

HUMBY.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LIBELS.

THE press has just had another triumph, or rather we should say another justification of its usefulness and acknowledgment of its value, in the result of an action for libel brought by a person of the name of *Wright* against the proprietors of the *Atlas* newspaper. This journal, which combines a literary feature with its political and general news, in noticing a publication called *Alma Mater* (a work which we thought so contemptible that we would not notice it at all)—spoke truly of it as being infamous in its character, and disgraceful to its author. For this the worthy author (who it seems has been distinguished from other members of the respectable *Wright* family by the sobriquet of "*Wretch Wright*,") brought his action, and was most justly and properly non-suited. The lesson will, we trust, have a beneficial effect. It will shew, at least, that there is a lottery in the law of such cases, and that it is not every black-guard and cheat, whatever his name may be, who can get damages for having the truth told of him and his nefarious practices. The rogues and their congenial attorneys will therefore be less inclined hereafter to try their luck, by pricking in the labyrinths of the Courts, like vagabonds in garters at fairs for farthings. But still the affair of the *Atlas* has only strengthened previous conclusions: it has not suffi-

ciently established the broad principle of free criticism. In the latter respect, the cases of Carr and Phillip v. Dubois, and Soane v. Knight, are even more decisive, for they were determined without the qualification that the prosecutors had themselves offended, and were thereby precluded from seeking redress. Carr's were only silly compilations, and Soane's only architecture, upon the merits or demerits of which men might differ; they had not betrayed social confidence, called names, and abused persons, as Wright had done. Nevertheless, they were held to be amenable to public opinion; and the law seems to us to be now as firmly established as law can be,—that the press is neither to be shackled by captious and fretful irritability, nor silenced by smarting, swindling, and exposed imposture.

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.—On Thursday, the *Rencontre*; or *Love will find out the Way*, a pretty little opera, adapted from the French by Mr. Planché, was produced, with complete success, at this theatre. The lateness of the day (the piece having been mischievously postponed by one of those caprices so usual behind the scenes) precludes us from further criticism. Till our next, the lovers of amusement will do well to go and judge for themselves.

VARIETIES.

The Death of Socrates.—A translation into Italian of De Lamartine's poem on this subject has been published at Turin, by M. Felix Vicino. In this poem Socrates is regarded as a precursor of Jesus Christ; as an inspired man, who attempted to do what a long time after was accomplished by St. John the Baptist.

Geology.—A treatise on the great geological question, whether the continents now inhabited have or have not been repeatedly submerged in the sea, has lately been read to the Académie des Sciences by M. Constant Prevost. M. Prevost maintains, contrary to the generally received opinion, that there has been but one great inundation of the earth; and that the various remains of plants, animals, &c. which have given rise to the supposition of successive inundations, have been floated to the places in which they are occasionally found.

Boccaccio.—Professor Ciampi has discovered in the Magliabecchi library at Florence, a manuscript which proves to be the note-book or memorandum of the reading of the celebrated Boccaccio. This curious monument, besides throwing great light on various circumstances in the life of that great writer, shews how learned and laborious he was. It also contains a number of interesting particulars with respect to an epoch which was the dawn of the discovery of America, and of the revival of letters in Italy. Professor Ciampi has published the manuscript, with notes full of erudition.

Central Fire.—All the observations and calculations which have been made of late years with reference to the internal temperature of the terrestrial globe, seem to establish the theory of a central fire; that theory which our ancient natural philosophers, and even Buffon himself, considered merely as the dream of an imagination fond of the marvellous.

The French School of Painting.—From an elaborate defence of the works of David and his disciples, which appeared in the last number of the *Revue Encyclopédique*, it seems that a disposition exists among the French painters of the present day to depart from the meagre

statue-like style introduced by David, and to approximate more to nature; or, we say it with pride, to the character of British art; and that this disposition meets with laudable encouragement. After a high eulogium on the French school of painting, as created by David, the reviewer sneeringly asks, "if the young artists of France are to abjure the principles which they have acquired, because certain persons, wholly ignorant of the fine art, think it necessary to the completion of their system to comprehend the French school in the sacrifice of all the glories of France, which they are offering on the altars of a victorious foreigner?"

The Croup.—For this disorder, so fatal to children, M. Bretonneau, a medical man at Tours, who has long made the subject his study, appears to have at length discovered a certain cure. It consists of blowing alum-powder into the throat of the child by means of an instrument which M. Bretonneau has invented for the purpose. In some cases, two or three repetitions of this treatment are sufficient; in others, five or six are necessary. Numerous children, who were rapidly falling victims to this frightful disorder, after the exhibition of the antiphlogistic and other supposed remedies, have been cured by M. Bretonneau.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

St. James's, a Poem (*dit satirical*), has been published some days, but has been shy of appearing in our presence;—argyl, we do not augur much of it. Really good works, and even books only supposed to be good, find their way very speedily to L. G.

Professor Sebastiani Ciampi has lately commenced a new Italian translation of Pausanias; and has proved, in a separate pamphlet, that the Canary Islands were discovered as early as the year 1341, by navigators from Florence and Genoa.

A Journal from Buenos Ayres through the Provinces of Cordova, Tucuman, and Salta, to Potosi; and thence by the Deserts of Caranja to Africa, and, subsequently to Coquimbo; undertaken on behalf of the Chilean and Peruvian Mining Company, by Captain Andrews, is announced.

Dr. Brewster, of Edinburgh, has announced a System of Popular and Practical Science. The object of this publication is to furnish the educated classes, but particularly the young of both sexes, with a series of popular works on the various branches of science, brought down to the humblest capacities, and yet capable of imparting scientific knowledge to the best-informed ranks of society.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO the space which their immediate importance has induced us to allow, at a late period of the week, to the accounts of the Northern Expedition, has obliged us to alter our other arrangements and abridge several of our usual heads. When it is calculated that *Captains Franklin and Beechey were for several days within less than a hundred miles of each other on the shores of the Arctic Sea*, and yet did not meet, we think an added interest will be felt in these details, and an increased sorrow that an expedition so very near perfect success should not have been crowned with that triumph.

Waterloo.—Having received several other letters, since last Saturday, respecting the spot where Wellington and Blücher met after the Battle of Waterloo, we have, to confirm our statement referred to, the historical account of that day by Mr. Mudford,* where we find it distinctly recorded, that these commanders actually met and exchanged mutual congratulations during the pursuit "at Genappe" between ten and eleven o'clock. Indeed, from the positions of the armies (as Mr. Mudford observes), they could not have met at La Belle Alliance.

We are requested to say, that we were in error last week in our statement that the late Mr. William Davis was employed upon a work of considerable importance in conjunction with Mr. D'Israeli. Mr. Davis, however, had been long known to, and was highly valued by, Mr. D'Israeli, who greatly encouraged him in his literary pursuits.

* Quarto, published by Colburn in 1817.

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